

# The Corsair.

A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion and Novelty.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

N<sup>o</sup>. 49.

OFFICE IN ASTOR HOUSE, NO. 8 BARCLAY STREET.....EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS AND T. O. PORTER.....TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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## RALEIGH'S FIRST LANDING IN "VIRGINIA."

[Written for the Corsair.]

The summer sun in heaven was bright,  
And brightly did the sea  
Flash in it's rays of living light,  
Rolling in majesty.

And gently did the eastern breeze  
Bear on their joyful way,  
Two barks across the western seas,  
To where the Pearl Isle lay.

That sail far o'er an unknown sea,  
From Albion's isle hath passed,  
Old England's flag of Liberty  
Floats proudly from the mast.

The arching elms upon the shore  
Hang shadowing o'er the wave,  
The tossing billows, as they roar,  
The bending branches lave.

As in their merry voice of glee,  
They break along the beach,  
The pearly crescents of the sea  
The vine's rich clusters reach.

Wide o'er the Isle the morning beams  
Glance bright from wave to tree,  
The murmuring brook like silver gleams,  
Seeking the silver sea.

A thousand merry birds are there,  
Whose music soft and sweet,  
Borne on the balmy summer air,  
The wave tost wanderers greet.

The green turf with the violet  
Is spangled blue and white,  
With here and there a dew-drop set,  
Like diamonds gleaming bright.

The lilies on the still lake float,  
And spread their silken sail,  
Each like a fairy pleasure boat,  
Unmindful of the gale.

Such is the clime that greets the eyes  
Of England's noble lord,  
More valued than the knightly prize,  
Won by the spear and sword.

Now hurried by the dashing oar,  
The barge is lightly sped,  
Now English feet are on that shore,  
With England's flag o'erhead.

The distant hills, whose deep green crown  
Melts in the dark blue sky,  
Send back a voice before unknown,  
In answer to their cry.

An Eng'ish echo finds a tongue  
That speaks along the shore,  
Where Indian words alone have rung,  
In melody before.

Ere long, that Indian voice shall die,  
Far in the west away,  
As melts in yonder purple sky,  
The light of closing day.

But as the morning's rising beam,  
Now on the Atlantic rests,  
Now on the bright Ohio gleams,  
And lights the fertile west,

Now crowns the topmost Rocky mount,  
Now glances o'er the lakes,  
Now sparkles on Missouri's fount,  
Or where the Pacific breaks.

Throughout the land, as far and wide,  
The sons of English sires,  
Shall spread their happy firesides  
And light their household fires.

B.

## BLANCHE ROSE.

A LOVE STORY OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

The bells of Toulouse were chiming for primes. The spires, steeples, and turrets fluttered with pennons and banners, and clustered with caps and bonnets like swarming bees. The main street was lined by the Burgher guard, and crowded with citizens, strangers, troubadours, and minstrels, above whose motely show the windows and galleries were hung with cindon and arras, and filled with scarlet gowns, furred tabards, and all the riches, splendour, and beauty of "*Bel Languedoc*." A deep stillness reigned in the crowd, and all eyes were turned towards the east gate, where a triumphal arch crowned with the laurel, palm, and the white cross of Toulouse stood as high as the bartizan of the city port.

"Santa Madre! what jour de fête is this?" said an old pilgrim, as he pushed through the men-at arms at the barrier.

"In the name of St. Jacques de Toulouse where did you come from?" replied one of the sergeants, glancing at his cockle-shell.

"That is no point of your charge," replied the stranger; "but I would know what saint you are going to celebrate."

"Truly we call him not saint as yet," replied the sergeant; "Though I doubt not he is as good as St. Dennis, or St. Gorge, or any other St. Chevalier in the calendar; but in respect to the canonization, he is yet only *Raymond de Toulouse—La Fleur de Chevalerie—la lame de France*, our young Prince that shall in to-day, with the glory of heaven and earth, from the holy croisade

The pilgrim crossed himself, and he was yet speaking with the guard, the sound of cymbals, kettle drums, and a "*corps d'harmonie*" came faintly through the still sunsl

"On viens!" exclaimed the sergeant, the billmen, eagerly clearing the passage, closed up their array, and stood silent under their arms.

The music advanced slowly, till the deep din of an eastern march could be distinguished, and the thick heavy trample of horses upon the road; every eye fixed upon the gate, as the music approached, till suddenly the clattering hoofs and the dark mailed horsemen and forest of lances came through into the sunshine. The long black line of men-at-arms poured slowly down the street, till the bright tabards of the heralds appeared at the gate, followed by the great banner of Toulouse, and all the peers and paladins of the array.

In the midst of his knights, mounted upon a blanche Arab, and glistening in the white battle habit of the cross, the Earl rode before his banner, surrounded by his officers, and followed by all the chivalry of Languedoc and Provence. His pale noble countenance was clear and serene as the sun that shone upon him, and his long black hair fell like waves of raven silk from the jewelled helmet and glittering lambrequin, which shook like a glory about his armed head. A rending shout, "*Vive! Vive! vive le Paladin del crois!*" went up like thunder from the crowd; and the waving of bonnets, scarfs, and glaives, fluttered and flashed, and glistened down the street before the banner, like the tossing and glimmering of flowers before the breeze.

By the side of the earl, rode his sworn brother in arms—the beautiful and gallant Auguste de Valence, son to King Remi of Provence—called "*La Fleur de France*," "*Le Bel du Monde*," and the second knight of all the Christian chivalry; but the eyes of the people past over him as he rode beside the young prince, who, in the opinion of the troubadours, came nearer the beau-ideal of chivalry,—"*Sir Galahad du Sangraal*," than any other knight who had ever lived. All the way as he came, garlands, and crowns, and showering flowers rained upon his helmet and housings; and the people wept, and knelt and blessed him, and held up their children to see his face, and cry "*Vive la gloire de France!*" The young prince came white as his surcoat, and bowed his glorious head to the pall on his horse's mane. "*Soli Deo gloria!*" said he, "*Soli Deo Gloria! et non nobis Domini!*"

It was long before the court passed down the street, but at length the Earl entered the Grande Place, and as he passed under a large house near the cross, looked suddenly up to the galleries. That house alone in the square was silent and deserted, the silk curtains were drawn close in the windows, and the heavy galleries empty and desolate. The prince turned suddenly and spoke to the grand almoner, and the colour came into the face of the old man, but what he answered could not be heard in the crowd.

In a few moments they reached the gate of the episcopal palace, and the long glittering lambrequins and tall lances poured through into the court till the gate closed, and the black column of men-at-arms filed past

towards the castle. But the crowd still remained before the palace, and in a short time a sumptuous cavalcade of the city procession came through to the gate, and the stately companies of peers, knights, and ladies, began to arrive for the banquet prepared to give welcome to their prince.

All the noon and till the sun grew low, the clangour of the wild eastern music came from the portals, and the gaths-stairs, and galleries were crowded with valets, pages, pursuivants, and men-at-arms; but as the evening came and the twilight began to fall, the quiet of closing day succeeded to the hurry of the noon, and only a bright page, or an over-weathered trooper was seen here and there flitting through the dim courts, or elbowing the narrow street, as if it was too narrow for a victorious crusader, who had ridden upon the plains of Zebulon and Naphthali.

It was near dark; the Chateau was dim and still, and the quiet of feudal solitude had succeeded to the hurry and glitter of the baronial pageant and military parade. At times a sudden roar of songs and voices came from the ward-rooms, but only one still watch-light shone upon the moat, and already the pages were taking their respective turnpikes, and the seneschal was putting off his furrowed gown within his closet; for as yet the great had not fallen into those extravagant late hours which made him invisible to their poor suitors at eight o'clock before noon.

In the midst of this quiet, a tall figure wrapped in a dark mantle came out from the west postern, and turned hastily towards the Grande Place. The full moon was rising over the dim houses as he entered the square; and as he looked up to her bright face, it discovered the pale noble countenance of Raymond de Toulouse. He passed hastily to the house, which he had noticed at his entry, and stopping at a small port under the garden turret, unclosed the door and passed into a little wilderness of cypresses and olives. He walked forward through the dim alleys, like one well acquainted with their windings, till he came to a vast plane-tree, which overshadowed a little green seat beside the Garonne.

A white female figure sat upon the turf, her long black hair loose upon her neck, and her silk gown glistening on the grass like a continuation of the moonlight which glimmered on the water, and to which she gazed with such fixedness that the knight was at her side before she heard his step.

"BLANCHE ROSE!" said he, in a still gentle voice; she started and drew a long quivering breath, but as she looked in his face, she sprung from the ground—"My own very dear prince and brother!" she exclaimed, and fell upon his bosom, and wept without a word.

The prince held her in his arms and bent over her till her emotion subsided into the low tremulous sobs of an infant's tears. Several times the earl strove to speak; but his voice failed at that sad trembling breath that fluttered upon his bosom.

"Dear Blanche," said he, at last, "what is this?—they would not tell me—but you will tell me."

The lady started and shuddered, and her face sunk closer on his mantle.

The tears came to the eyes of the young knight—"My own dear Orpheline Ladye—the child of my foster-mother—you do not fear to speak to me!—to your brother! look up on the face that used to rest on the same bosom—sleep in the same cradle—and this the hand—that was once the little helpless hand that clung to the same breast with yours—Now to Him be the glory! The battle arm that holds the thunder and the lightning against all that should do ill to my dear sister."

Blanche burst afresh into sobs, and would have sunk out of his arms but for his strong hand; but he supported her in silence, till at last her tears ceased, and she leaned still and breathless, and deathly heavy on his arm. Raymond looked upon her bright lovely head that lay motionless upon his cloak, and smoothed the raven locks from her pale brow. "Alas!" said he gently, "where is your own white flower that used to be so bright in these dark waves?"

"La-Blanche-Rose" trembled like the leaves that quivered in the moonlight—"Fallen—gone—withered in the dust!" she murmured faintly.

The earl's hand shook, but he did not speak, and for a long time they stood without a word.

Blanche rose up from his arm, and swept back the hair from her pale death-face. "Raymond!" said she, "I will speak to you as a knight's daughter should speak to a knight's son.—I was—your very dear true sister. I am"—her voice choked and struggled—"no more your sister—no more my father's daughter—a poor—lost—fallen maiden! I was the last of his race that was the father of kings. I shall be the first—the mother of one—who will never have a father!" She sunk down upon the seat and buried her face in the grass.

Raymond stood silent and fixed, and held her hand—but it did not move again, and lay cold and still, and heavy as the dead clay. "My dear sister!" said he at last, "what, who has done you wrong?"

Blanche did not speak nor lift her face, but drew away her hand, and immediately it returned with something bright to the moonshine; as Raymond stooped it flew open, and he saw the glorious beautiful features of Auguste de Valence.

*La Bel du Monde!* he exclaimed.

Blanche did not move nor answer, and his eyes rested fixed upon the miniature, as it lay open in her passive hand.

"What has he done?" said the earl, in the deep calm terrible voice with which he used to speak in battle.

Her voice spoke faintly from the ground; "He has shed the rose from my brow that shall never bloom again!"

Raymond fell on the ground, his long hair spread in the dust, and his bright noble terrible battle-front bowed like a child. The white fingers of the maiden closed convulsively upon the gold, and the bright robe trembled on her slender form, like the lights upon the stream.

Raymond rose up; his lips were white as death, but his eyes calm and steady; and he stooped and took her passive hand and kissed her cold lips. "Ladye! my very dear love and sister!" said he, "it is gone! it is passed away!—to-morrow your white flower shall bloom on your brow, clear and stainless as ever it shone in the sun!"

Blanche started and glanced wildly up; but the sudden light of her eye

fell, and she clasped her hands on her face, "He is married to another!" said she.

Raymond grasped her hands. "Look up!" said he; "look on the fair moon; she is rising as you and I have seen her rise when we were happy, careless infants on this bank. When she rises again, you shall look upon her clear and bright, and spotless as her face that smiles upon you!"

Blanche looked long, and fixed, and calm upon him, and dropped her eyes, and shook her head. "The grave—the fire that washes out all spot—the mercy of God shall take away my stain, but never man on earth!"

The Earl turned away, and held her hand, and the tears run down his face. At last he loosed his surcoat, and undid the white cross from his neck. "I took it at the holy shrine," said he, "at His foot where all sins shall be forgiven; it has brought me through battle, and tempest, and the black death,—by His might it shall bring you through peril worse than death. Take it; pray for me: and when we meet again you shall be the bright, beautiful, glorious lady of the world that ever you were in life!"

He tied the cord on her neck, and laid the pearl in her hand, and long spoke and strove to console her, but she could not be comforted and sat still and silent upon the grass; her hands dropped in the cold dew, and her eyes fixed blank and dim upon the moonlight that floated in the water.

Raymond stood and gazed upon her till his face grew white as hers; but suddenly the light came to his eyes, he laid his hand upon the cross of his sword—"By His might and His hope, I hold the spell of your fate!" said he; "to-morrow it shall be broken!"

The gray dawn was breaking in the forest of Maris, and the dim cold light began to glisten upon the pale flowers and the dewy leaves of the wood-sorrel and colt's-foot which clustered about the feet of the old oaks. No sound came through the still thickets but the chime from the distant convent, and the light trip of the buck pricking among the leaves; even at that quiet hour he started at the mass-bell, suddenly topped his cropping lips from the grass, and bent his ear, and held up his nose in the wind; but he returned to his browsing, and wandered through the wood, till he came to the brink of a small deep glade; he stopped suddenly, and pricked his ear, and glanced his bright eye into the hollow, and for a moment stood and felt the wind, but in the next his white single went over the long fern like a flash of light, and he vanished into the deep thicket. For an instant his short bound came from the moss, but nothing stirred nor appeared where he had looked, and the light began to brighten and the birds to sing, but all was still and solitary.

The red rose of the morning began to appear through the trees, and the white mist went slowly up from the glade, and under an oak leaned a tall dark man, his arms folded, his back to the tree, and his brown cap and deep mantle, scarce distinguishable from the knotted and fantastic shapes of the old trunks that stood about him.

As he leaned and gazed upon the path, a quick step rustled on the leaves, and suddenly the light noble figure of the Auguste de Valence came out upon the glade. For a moment he stopped and glanced round. The man rose from the tree, and dropped his cloak, and came to the green—Raymond de Toulouse.

Auguste cast his mantle, and put off his glove, and they drew their swords and confronted each other without a word. For a moment they stood upon their guard, point to point, eye to eye, foot to foot, and neither gave hit nor foil; but in the next Auguste made a feint and plunge that might have foiled the best hand in France, but the blade glanced like a reed from the sword of Raymond, and for several moments the glade echoed to the quick clash and the heavy fearful trample of the mortal assault. But it might have seemed only a skilful "passage of arms," neither being able to foil the hand of his opponent, till Auguste made the foil that he was never known to fail, and the sword went through the kirtle of his antagonist, close beneath the arm. The point glittered at his back, and the blood gushed down his green hose, but he did not fall nor stagger, nor drop his hand; and they closed, and clashed, and showered blows, till the blood run from every limb, and breathless and exhausted they dropped their points, and stood apart to breathe. For an instant they wiped their brows and drew their breath, and undid their kirtles to the wind; and Auguste sat down upon a mole hill, and the earl leaned to a tree, and each glanced at times to the other, till suddenly they started to the green, and renewed the battle with the same mortal determination. The sun was rising as they struck the first strokes; and whether it shone in the eyes of Auguste, or that the earl had the better, he made a sudden feint, and in the next moment the hilt of his sword was against the breast of his antagonist, and the blade a red half ell beyond his back.

De Valence sprung like a stricken hart, and fell upon the turf without a word; the blood gushed out from his mouth and breast, and in a moment his eyes began to change, and his lips became blue and cold. Raymond threw himself upon his knees by his side, and clasped his hand, and raised his head, and strove to staunch the blood, and gazed wildly upon his closing eyes—"God give mercy and grace!" he cried, "that I should do this!"

Auguste opened his eyes and grasped his hand—"True and noble friend," said he, "you were ever kind and faithful to me in our lives, and this that you have done now is the best and truest deed of all.—I thank God—I bless you—pray for me—forgive me—but oh, she never can!"—and he turned his face to the earth.

The earl's tears dropped fast upon his cold brow, and he held his hand without speaking, as his breath came in short painful sobs, and the cold death-dew rose upon his forehead; he gave a sudden shiver, and his hand caught upon the hand of his friend—"Say a prayer," said he: "bid God save; and let her pray for me when I am gone!"

Raymond cast up a sudden look—"Holy saints!—and no priest!—none to say him shrift!"

The dying knight pressed his hand—"Hold up your cross," said he, "and let me look upon it till I pass away. If I had but a cup of water!"

Raymond glanced eagerly round the glade; a little blue streamlet fell through the grass upon a hollow of the mossy rock, and hastening to the spot, he filled his bonnet at the well, and hurried back to the dying man. The eyes of Auguste had closed, but when the water came to his lips he



opened them and looked up; a faint light came to his cheek; and he raised himself on the arm of his once brother.

"I will confess my shrift to you, my true brother," said he, "and you shall tell the priest, and pray for me, and there will be mercy."

The earl bathed his face, and held him in his arms, and lifted the cross before him; and the knight clasped his dying hands on his, and confessed to him, as if he had been a monk in holy quire. His strength ebbed away with his last words, and he sunk heavy and breathless upon the breast of Raymond. The knight dipped his hand in the water, and signed his brow, and put the cross in his cold fingers—"God be merciful to you and forgive you," said he, "and speak that word that I dare not speak, and that none is here to speak in his name!"

The hand of the dying knight closed upon the rood: his eyes fell, and one sharp shiver, and he stretched out, cold and still, and gone for ever.

The earl gazed on his void face, and held his hand till it grew stiff and cold, and the eyes slowly unclosed and fixed in the death-glare. Raymond shuddered, and clasped his hands, and laid his head upon the turf, and the cross upon his breast, and spread his mantle over him, and knelt, and wept, and prayed beside him. At last he rose, and dried his sword on his sleeve, and put his bonnet on his head, and set his horn to his lips, and blew the *mort*\*. In a few moments a little page came lightly through the trees with his white Arab; and, as he led up the horse, looked upon the cloak, and trembled and turned pale.

"Sit beside him," said the earl, "and watch that no beast or bird come to do him wrong; and I will ride to the town, and he shall be buried as men should bury a king's son."

The sun was set, and the twilight was almost gone; all Toulouse was in motion: the great bell of the cathedral tolled its heavy knell over the town; and the streets were crowded with a tide of people hurrying towards the main street. All the way from the chateau to the great church was kept by men-at-arms, and a constant wavering stir went among the tall lances, and an eager murmur of voices, interrupted only by the fearful toll of the bell that struck its death-knell at slow intervals.

"Gramercy! what is this, that the great bell tolls!" exclaimed an old peasant to his merchant as he pushed through the crowd; "I never heard that knell but for the death of our earl."

"Then shall you well hear it to-day," replied the citizen; "for though he is not, as you shall say, dead in his body, he is dead in his glory and knight's fame."

"Saint Mary! of what speak you?" said the granger.

"Know you *La Rose Blanche*?" asked the merchant.

"*Peine de ma vie*!" exclaimed the old man, "do I know the moon, and the bright star when she rises at vespers?"

"Then shall you not marvel that the earl had the greatest love for her that ever knight had for a lady," said the burgher.

"Nay, truly," replied the peasant; "but I make great marvel to hear a bell toll, when all the chimes in Toulouse should be ringing merry!"

"You shall not make the lark sing at your holiday," replied the merchant, "nor a maiden's love come for your harping. This, that was the brightest that ever the sun looked on, minded a fair crown and broad lordship no more than you should value a cowslip fee in fairy-land; and likely for that they had been foster-children together, she thought of Earl Raymond but as a maiden may of her true brother, and would not be his lady though he had been king of France; at the least she *said* so. The count was near out of his mind, as all men know; but that which men know not—alas, that it should be to say—on the evening that he was to sail for the Holy Land, being alone with her to take his leave, fell such unknighly outrage as never prince did to a lady, unless it was Don Rodrigue to count Palayo's daughter. The sweet gentle maiden never spoke charge nor word against him, but ever she was pale, and heavy, and broken of heart, and none knew why, till it could no longer be hid, and her shame flew fast and far as ever went the renown of the '*Blanche Rose*,' that had never peer of any earthly ladye. Fearful!—fearful!—she had to dree when the priest came to curse her, and the bishop to make her speak, and the proud peers, her kinsmen, spoke of burning her on a hill, like queen Guinever; yet she would never tell the name of her false knight till this hour. But now when the earl came, he was all confounded in her peril; and for his great repenting, he hath confessed and accused him to the bishop, and now would do all the amende that may be to the heart-broken maiden, and make her true lady and countess of Toulouse."

"And what is this that shall be done to-night?" said the peasant.

"The earl goes in his penance to the great church," replied the townsman; "and thereafter the *Blanche Rose* shall be your lady; and let no man nor maiden think her slight, because the silk mitten was not puissant as the mail glove."

"Truly I shall think her the truest and most dolorous lady that ever was named with lips," said the old man, "and the devil spit in his face that shall ever say contrar!"

As he spoke, a faint chorus of voices came from the chateau, and a great light appeared beyond the black crowd of helmets and lances. It advanced slowly up the street, and at length the heavy tread of feet could be heard through the crowd, and a choir of monks chanting the penitential psalms. The solemn strain approached, and rose and fell at intervals, till suddenly the crowd gave back, and the white monks and bright torches came slowly into the square. All the convents of Toulouse followed in long procession, till a broad heaven of light shone upon the press, and discovered the dark shadows of the black penitents, preceded by their cross, and lighted by a thousand torches.

In the midst, bare-headed, and bare-footed, divested of all his feudal ensigns, with a torch in his hand and a chain upon his neck, Earl Raymond walked, in the white gown of penance; but his face was whiter than the cindon, and his eyes bent on the ground before the gaze and murmur that passed before him. A thrill of grief, wonder, and admiration passed

through every heart which had so lately seen his crowned head, riding through that street, in all the light and glory of victory and the cross; and at each pause of the choir, a deep "*Amen*!" answered from the crowd. As the procession came to the high cross, the chant ceased, the train stopped, and the heralds lifted their hands and cried "*Oyez, Oyez! so should it be done to all knights, traitors to orphelines and maidens.*"

A deep death-pause rested upon the crowd, and no voice answered back again; the heavy tramp went on, the chant rose up, and the procession passed on towards the cathedral.

The long lines of monks vanished like shadows within the deep arch of the great portal, till the white gliding figures reappeared in the light of the still choir, and the crows, and gowns, and glittering glaives poured through the dim aisles, till the choir and nave was filled with the dark crowd. The church was hung with black, and lighted as for a soul-mass; and as the torches and the penitent advanced to the altar, the voices of the unseen choir, and the still peal of the organ went over his head, as if the saints and the seraphims mourned over him in heaven. Raymond wrapped his face in his mantle, and knelt upon the stone, and bowed his head upon the footstool of the altar, till the priest raised him, and set him on the "*siege douloureux*," in the sight of all the people.

The service of the penitents was performed, the monks extinguished their torches at the foot of the shrine, and the heralds advanced to the altar. Sir Raymond stood up and turned to the people, and the pursuivants took off his white gown and displayed his knightly habit and belt of estate. There was a terrible pause, and not a breath passed in the chapel. The heralds advanced to the earl and broke his sword over his head, and hewed the spurs from his heels, and rent the fur from his tabard; and immediately his shield and crest were spurned from the church door; the trumpets sounded on the steps, and the heralds cried,—"*Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! Raymond de Toulouse! traitor to God and his lady, and manservant of his knighthood; traitor knight, so is thy name cast out from true knights, and so I cast thy shame in thy teeth, and defy thee in the name of God, the defender of the orphan and desolate!*"

The people stood cold and still, and hushed as death; and the blood went out of the earl's lips, till they were white as his kirtle. The heralds sat down, but Raymond stood still and vacant, his arms hanging to his side, and his eyes fixed upon the air.

The bishop rose out of his arm chair and took the book in his hand; for a moment he stood and looked upon the knight.

"In the garden of God, one little white rose grew amidst the flower very fair and pure, and bright, the sweetest among the blossoms; the sun loved to shine upon it by day, and the moon by night; and the dew and the rain watered it in the heat, and the breeze kissed it in morning, and said, God bless thee, and he did bless it, till it was the fairest of the earth—and the trees bent over to keep it from the wind, and the birds sung to it at noon, and the angels of God looked down upon it, and blessed his name that had made it lovely."

"God gave thee the flower, and the forest to keep and watch, and defend from all wrong; and he gave thee the oak, and the palm, the fair fields, and the still, green wood, and all that walked therein—and if this had not been enough he would have given thee more."

"Thou spared to come to the cedar, and the oak, and plucked the little flower that was lonely, and put it in thy bosom when it was sweet, and when it faded, cast it on the ground to die, and went thy way!"

Raymond fell on his face before the altar; and the people wept and sobbed, and sunk on their knees, as if their hearts fell with his who bowed before them. The bishop laid his hand upon the book—

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive! Look up, my son; God is merciful and great to forgive us our offences!—He will see thy repentance and say, '*Thou shalt not die!*'"

The earl rose upon his knee, and the bishop laid his hand upon his head, and spoke the words of absolution, and laid the cross on his brow, and bid him rise. Raymond stood up and the prelate kissed him on the cheek, and belted him with a new sword; and the heralds braced clean spurs upon his heels, and put a crest of new device upon his head, and cried, "God make thee a new and valiant knight, and keep these arms to his service, to aid the widow, orphan, and every one distressed and desolate, and maintain the right against all men who may live and die!" Immediately the trumpets sounded, and the pursuivants proclaimed him, lord, earl, and knight; the furred mantle of state was cast over his shoulders, and he came out among his people Raymond de Toulouse.

That night before the moon went down, Rose knew how she was cleared—but long she lay and wept upon his feet and would not be comforted; and when at last her strength and mind returned, it was in the strength of her despair, to fly to the bishop, and declare the truth; the hand of Raymond held her like an infant on the grass, but she had no hearing for his words, and would but wring her hands, and cry to be released to do him justice, till she sunk exhausted upon the turf. He watched by her through the night, and in the morning, when her spirits ebbed away and the strength of her delirium was past, she was subdued by his tears, and swore upon his hand. The light came into his face and he kissed her and rose up—"You never broke your word," said he; "now I will leave you!"

On St. Bride's-day at noon, the earl, surrounded by all the chivalry and beauty of Languedoc, stood at the high altar, where he had done his penance. *Blanche Rose* bent before the priest in the white bridal amice, her pale brow glistening with pearls and gems, and the white flower shining like a star in the long glossy tresses that fell upon her neck for the last time. The Earl put the ring upon her finger, the priest set the coronet upon her brow, and the heralds cried her, Countess of Toulouse, at the high cross, amidst the shouts of the people, and the waving of ten thousand caps.

All the city was in a transport, for the constancy "of the bright lady

\* The death-note, or the blast that was blown at the death of a stag.

† Endure.

of the world," and the self-justice of her supposed traitor knight. "Certainly," said the Vicar of St. John, "I think him greater for this repenting, than if he had never had tache or spot, not to speak of the *ninety and nine in the wilderness*; he had then been but a *puisnie* saint, now he is lith and blood like to you and me, but so as you and I shall never be—the greatest mortal man that ever quelled sinful flesh."

A week of pomp and pageant, and all that the olden time held gay and splendid, passed through Toulouse like a night's masque, and again all returned to the quiet sunshine, and still business of a simple summer's day.

The countess lived in deep seclusion, partly for that the face of man was become terrible to her, partly for her feeble state, which might not suffer ceremony and fatigue. The leaves were falling, the birds had ceased to sing, and the sun looked sad and still upon the yellow fields, when the unconscious cause of her sorrow, was presented to the barons of Languedoc in the great hall of Toulouse; "I do not wrong them," said Raymond, to its heart-broken mother, as she wept at his feet,—"My blood runs in the veins of none living; there is none to claim the right—you shall make him worthy to hold the sword and the coronet of a brave people, and God and their service shall give him right, better than a name."

It was the vigil of the cross; the night was dark and still upon Toulouse. The quiet streets were silent and empty, and all lights had gone out, except here and there a red solitary candle shed its long still pencelle upon the waters of the Garonne. The black pile of the vast chateau rose like a giant over the dim town, and within the wide courts were silent and deserted, and all dark and quiet except the stamp of a horse that waited beside the postern, and one still solitary watch-light that shone in an upper turret. About that light was gathered all the interest of Toulouse, and perhaps an eye, born upon the gifted night, might have seen the dim spirits leaning together over the turret, speaking the destinies of him, the last of his race, who should inhabit those towers, and who now stood within that dim still room.

It was a small, dark turret chamber, hung with coarse arras, and meanly garnished with such furniture as might become the use of a simple esquire, or frugal steward,—a low pallet, half concealed by a curtain of blue sey, filled a small recess beyond the hearth, and at its head stood a long white wand and a walking sword in a scabbard of green velvet. A black carved armoire and oak chest occupied the opposite corners, and the remaining space was no more than sufficient for a tall, high-backed chair of black leather, and a wide olive-wood table, on which a number of papers, an almoniere, an aunlace, and a heap of loose gold lay by a wax taper that burned under the rood suspended against the wall.

Earl Raymond stood before the light in his travelling-cloak, and his gray seneschal sat in the chair, his embossed hands rested upon his knees, and his white bald brow lifted to the face of his master.

"You know her not," said the earl; "I, who was nursed on the same breast, rocked by the same hand, have grown with her like the twin bud upon the stalk—I know her—and God knows her, the bright noble ladye of the world;—I loved her, I will not say *how* I loved her; she was very lovely to me—but I was only as a brother to her, how could I be more, and the glorious beautiful flower of all chivalry sworn to her service. Alas! that he had been true as I was, and I would have been a brother to him, as she was a sister to me! and since I am the last of my race, they should have had fair Toulouse and my broad earldom; and I would have been the soldier of the cross, and prayed that they might have been happy."

"God be praised, that has given you to be happy with her yourself," said the seneschal.

Raymond looked upon him as the spirits may look on the man that cannot read the secret thoughts of the world above.

"To-night," said he, "I go to the *Holy Land*."

"Blessed Saints! and leave your lady?" exclaimed the seneschal.

The earl's cheek became white as his tabard, but his voice did not change: "Be you very true and gentle to her, as you have ever been to me," said he: "and serve her as if you were born in her father's house, as you were born in mine; and she shall still be your lady, and her lonely orphan shall be your earl, when I shall come no more."

"Alas! alas! what is this?" said the old man.

The earl stood a moment upon his sword—"You have been young that now are old," said he, "you shall know that a maiden's love is like the sunshine and the sweet moonlight; it must shine in its own summer and its own still hour, and cannot come through the cloud when you shall call it. I will never be the cloud to her face, nor a chain upon the heart, which I bound to me for its redeeming; but she shall be bright and free to shine like the sun upon the flower,—and God send a flower to blossom in her light, and be sweet and bright and grateful to her as the rose to the morning, when I am—where the sun shall never shine again."

"And you will not come back!" said the old man.

Raymond laid his hand upon the cross—"Never!"

The old man fell on his knees, and bent his white head upon his master's hand, and wept like a child.

For a long time the count held his trembling hand, and turned away his face, at last, "Aymer!" said he, "God reward your true and faithful service to me; I have done with this world; I was a solitary tree, without a parent, a brother, a sister, to fill my heart—the last of my race. She was a very bright flower to me, the rose to my bower, the sun to my glory, the lamp to my holy shrine; I am going—to die before the cross as your father and mine; and we shall meet together with them before His glorious throne."

The old man's sobs redoubled, and for a long while he knelt and wept, and the earl said no more. At length his sobs subsided, the stamp of the horse came from the gate; the earl lifted him in silence; for some moments he wrote upon the papers, and set his seal; and the old man told the gold and put it in his purse. The knight took off his hat, and kissed his furrow-cheek, and laid his hand upon his head, and for one moment grasped his hands, and looked upon the cross and turned suddenly to the door. The old man tottered after with the light; but Raymond put him back with his

averted hand, and threw the cloak about him, and hurried down the stair. The groom started up in his seat and threw the bridle on the Arab, and Raymond leaped into the saddle; the boy touched his bonnet and said some word, but the earl gave no answer, and spurring through the gate, took the street towards the east port.

There is a blank in the chronicle of Toulouse; who could tell how Earl Raymond turned his back upon his people—the tower where he was born, the roof where he was nursed, the field where he had plucked the flower, and chased the linnnet, the garden where the rose of his love had blown—that rose that was blighted, and faded, and never should bloom again—to him!

The monk did not write of it in his book, nor the troubadour sing of it in his song; they said only, "*Raymond de Toulouse shaped the cross on his sleeve and went to Holy Land*."

It was the third evening after the earl and his company arrived at Acre. The men-at-arms were busily disembarking their horses to go forward for Jerusalem, and the knight sat upon a stone by the beach, looking upon the bright water and the sun that was going down, red and still, and far away on France.

While he yet gazed, a slender boy, in the dress of a page, came down the sand; he stopped and hesitated, and looked towards the knight as he approached, but at last he came to his side. Sir Raymond did not look up and the boy stood and held his bonnet and twisted the feather, and the colour went and came in his face, "*Sir Earl!*" said he, at last.

Raymond started as if one had struck him on the cheek, and at the sight of his face leaped from the stone and turned as white as clay. It was a moment before his look came back.

"What would you, fair-child?" said he, gently. The tears came into the eyes of the timid boy. "Sir!" said he, "I am an orphan child. My lord, that was very kind to me, is dead; I would serve you, if it please you."

The earl's breast rose, and he turned away, and looked upon the sea: at last, "From what country—what is your name?" said he.

"*Albert de la feuille morte*," replied the boy; "my father was of Provence," and his breath fluttered as if the memory of his father and his land rose in his heart.

"And have you no friends?" said Sir Raymond.

"I had—one," replied the child.

"And where is he?" asked the knight.

The boy turned away, and sat down upon the grass, and leaned his head upon a stone.

The earl took his dark hand, and the tears came to his eyes as he looked upon the slender fingers; "Alas!" said he, "this was never meant to burnish a helm, and hold a black stirrup!"

"I will be very proud to hold the stirrup of a KNIGHT OF JESU CHRIST," said the child.

The earl stood still for a moment, and held his hand with a grasp, from which a mailed wrist might have shrunk, but the boy did not shrink nor tremble.

"God save you, gentle child!" said the earl, at last, "if you will be pleased to serve me, I will be, not a master, but a brother to you, while I am in this world; and when I am gone, God will be a father."

The page fell upon his knee, and kissed his hand, and the tears trickled fast to the stone, which was wet as the dew where his cheek had laid. The earl did not speak, but raised him gently, and turned towards the town. As they went, he spoke him softly, and glanced to his dark beautiful features and faded habit; he looked yet scarce sixteen years, and wore the simple hose and green kirtle, such as was usually the dress of pages in the south of France; but except for this, and his accent, his complexion was so dark, and his short curling hair so raven black, none had believed that he had ever known another country than Greece or Syria. The earl discoursed him as they went, and wondered at his *gentillesse* and learning; and when he came to his inn, bestowed him in the especial charge of his old minstrel.

"Here is a flower that I did not think to find in this desert world," said he; "I pray you be very gentle to him."

The old man was himself a Provencal, and he laid his pillow in the alcove, and set his meat as if he had been his own son, and took his harp and played to him till he wept himself asleep like a stilled infant. "Certainly," said he, when the earl asked about him the next day, "never such a gentle child served among stern war men!"

And in a little time, "*Le page noir*" was the *mignon* of all the court. Unless at his service, however, he was always sad and alone, and never spoke of his native land and former days; and if the rude men urged him, he turned away, and the tears came to his eyes, and he would go to the sand or the rampart, though the sun was never so hot, or the wind never so wild.

At length, upon the morrow of St. Turiel, the earl and all the knights in Acre set out for Jerusalem, on sudden news that the great assault should be given in six days. Through all that long and terrible march Albert rode beside the stirrup of Sir Raymond, and when the Syrian sun burned at noon, and the "dead wind" blew at night, he never eat till he had eaten, nor drank till he had drank, and served him at his board, and watched by him when he slept. When the heart of many a knight sunk in his hauberk, and the eye of the night-guard closed under his helmet, Albert sat beside him, and fanned away the fly from his cheek, and the mouse from his pillow, and looked upon his face; and when his lips shrunk, and his brow came dark, dropped his beads, and raised his cross, and said—"God give thee rest!"

It was the night before the assault. The camp was still and quiet, and no sound came through the tents but the fitful stamp of a horse at the picket, or the distant clank of a hammer at the forge, where some man-at-arms still waited his armour for the morning. The stars shone bright upon the dark field, and at times the watch might hear the nightcall upon Jerusalem; and, as he walked before the tent, the whisper of shrift and



absolution, where the knights made a clean breast for the "battle of God," and the rest in which so many should sleep when the night should come again.

Earl Raymond lay asleep in his tent, his banner by his side, and his sword at his head, where he had knelt before it when the sun went down. Albert sat by his shoulder, his pale brow fixed upon his face, and his still fingers rested on his crucifix. You could not see the breath come and go upon his lips.

The broad hand of the knight lay unbent upon the pillow, and his pale face calm, and his dark brow clear and smooth as a sleeping child. Albert had never before seen the deep frown relax from his front in all the nights that he had looked upon it. For a moment he glanced up, and a flush came to his cheek, and a light to his eyes; but all tears were gone, and they looked full and still as the calm stars that were above him. For an instant his lips moved, and he gazed upward; but again his eyes returned to the pallet, and his features to their watch.

All night he sat, and by degrees every sound died away; the horse was still at his picket, and the sentinel at his post, and for a short while there was a deep death stillness, and all was hushed in heaven and on the earth. It was the dead hour—the turning of the tide—when the soul passes, and the spirits in the grave are loosed—slowly a faint sweet strain of music came by on the silence, and voices sung in the air—

Blessed is the heart when the sin stain has gone;

Blessed is the brow that His light shines upon.

And ever a still light shone upon the brow of Albert, while he sat fixed and quiet as if he heard no sound, and felt no light; and, whether it was the monks that sung in the valley, and the moon that looked into the tent—but never song was so sweet on earth, and never light shone so fair upon a mortal brow.

A length a faint stir began to come from the field, and at intervals the jingle of bridles, the stamp of hoofs, the baying of a hound, and a sudden foot passing quickly by the tent. In a short while the far cry of the mollahs could be heard upon the towers, and the pale gray dawn stole dimly through the curtain of the tent. Albert sat, and fixed his eyes upon the light, as now a horse, and now a man came by, and now could be distinguished the tread of heavy feet pouring through the sand. Suddenly a trumpet sounded at a distance, and the page started up, and laid his hand upon the breast of the earl. Raymond awoke.

"The first trumpet has sounded," said the page.

The knight rose hastily, and put on his helmet and hauberk. Albert faced his casque, and buckled the spur to his heels, and the broad belt to his side; and the earl knelt down before his sword, and dropped his beads, and looked upon the cross with a look that made Albert's cheek come pale. In a few moments he rose and grasped the page's hand, and laid his broad mailed glove upon his head, and sat down to the little table beside the pallet. Albert served his frugal meal, and took his trencher to sit by the door; but the earl made him sit beside him at the same dish.

"It is the last that I may eat," said he. "There will be no salt between me and thee where we shall meet again."

Albert bent his head over the board, and said no word; but the large round tear fell on his plate.

The short meal passed in silence, and the haste of those who every moment expect to hear the trumpet sound to arms. As soon as it was ended, the earl rose up and crossed himself, and gave his hand to the page, and drank the grace-cup; and when Albert had pledged him, he went to his mails, and took out a heavy purse, and loosed from his neck a little white cross.

"Dear and faithful child," said he, "God be gracious to you, and give you peace." He put the purse in his hand—"When thou and I shall part, return to thy country, and if thou hast none better—to mine, where thou shalt find a very gentle mistress, who will be to thee all that I would be."

Albert took the purse, and looked calm in his face, and bowed his head, and said him—"Yes."

The earl looked on him for a moment, and his eyes did not change. "Brave and constant child," he said. "God shall not forsake thee; and now—for none may know His will to-day—take this little cross that must not fall among His enemies. If He gives us the victory, thou shalt bury it with me in this holy earth; but if in the great press, or the day shall go against us, and I may not be found, take it with thee, give it to my lady, from whom I had it, and say, 'Raymond of Toulouse is gone to his rest.'"

Albert had not changed before; but at the sight of that cross, and the sound of those words, his colour went out of his face, and the hand that he held out fell to his side, and he sank down at the feet of the earl. Raymond lifted him to the pallet, and snatched the cruce, and hastened to lose his collar. The hand of the page closed upon his arm, and he opened his eyes, and sat upright. For an instant he gazed half conscious to the light: but there was no tear in his eyes, and no flutter in his breast, and he rose up to take the earl's command.

"Alas, my child!" said Raymond, "thou art spent and overwatched. Thy feeble body is too frail for thy spirit. Lie down and rest, and fear not—all will be well."

He put the cross upon his neck, and made him lie on the pallet, and covered him with his cloak, and taking his banner, went out hastily from his tent.

Albert started up and gazed after him, and looked upon the cross, and wept, and knelt, and laid it on his head, and bowed his forehead on the mat that had been touched by the helmet of the earl. Suddenly the trumpet began to sound, the quick clank of arms, and the deep tramp of horses went past as if the earth moved around him. Albert dropped the jewel, and listened, and gazed where the heavy sound went by. The long successive tramp continued without intermission, till a shock like a clap of thunder burst upon the stillness, and a far fearful rolling surge of shouts went up to heaven like the roar of a tempest. In another moment the whole camp seemed to tremble, bolt after bolt shook the walls of the city, and the mingled cries and shouts, and clash of arms, spread like a

storm from the beach; and as the tongues of a hundred nations rose and fell, came suddenly the faint shout of the French—"Mont Joye St. Denis!" Albert started from the ground, and braced his dagger, and did on his bonnet, and rushed out from the tent.

The clear day was bright upon the camp, and the long black lines of men-at-arms were pouring through the white tents like torrents towards the town, but all beneath the wall was lost in dust and smoke, through which the tall black giant tower of assault rose almost as high as the ramparts, where the dim gray battlements could be discerned crowded with men. Albert stood upon the rock under the standard before the tent, and watched the black columns pouring into the cloud, which swallowed them in its darkness. As the sun approached, the faint flash of the crescents and crowded arms could be seen glittering along the ramparts, and at quick intervals the fearful shock of the war-woles, sent up a cloud of dust from the wall; and as it swept off, a deep black gap appeared in the battlements and glittering line of arms. All at once the dark mighty column of the tower began to move, and rose slowly out of the smoke till it looked over the rampart; a thunder of shouts rolled up from the host, and suddenly the flash of arms and banners receded like a bright wave along the wall. In an instant a little bridge fell from the top of the turret upon the battlement, and a white knight, followed by a glittering stream of glaives and lances rushed over to the rampart. A terrific cry came from the turret, and re-echoed from the moat—"Raymond of Toulouse! Raymond of Toulouse!" and Albert distinguished the glorious figure of his master and the white cross of France. One moment he gazed, one moment he knelt upon the rock, one moment lifted up his cross, and rushed down into the stream of the assault.

The black terrible tide went on like a torrent into the moat, and the storm of the escalade thickened under the breach; but nothing was visible in the thick darkness, and the black dense press went on and disappeared into the cloud, man over man, till it almost filled up the deep, black, visionless gulf of the moat which roared around it like the bottomless pit. At intervals the heavy shot rebounded on the wall, and the rolling ruin, and the storm of the defence rained down fire, and thunder and battle sleet, through the black cloud: but the slow, dark, iron tide went on—and on—and on over the falling heaps, till suddenly there was an explosion as if the heaven and the earth burst amidst the darkness. A moment of fearful stillness prevailed, the smoke rolled away, and the breach appeared to the sun, and all the thick glittering stream of helms and crosses going up over the ruined wall like a swarm of locusts. Again there was rescue—again the charge—and as the cloud opened and shut—now helmets, now turbans glistened in the breach; but suddenly a broad bright gleam broke upon the towers, and the white figure of Earl Raymond appeared on the top turret. A moment he stood amidst the smoke in the sight of all the hosts, and suddenly mounting the bartizan, pitched the white banner in the sun, and began to sing the battle hymn of Toulouse. The field—the breach—the crowded towers sent up a shout like the sea roar, and as the bright silk flew in the wind, the darts and shot clinked on the knight's mail, and glanced through the fluttering banner like sharp sleet. Raymond stood still amidst the shower, waving his hand over the assault, and singing his chorus:

Soli Deo Gloria  
Et Sancti Salvatori!  
Corona de Victoria  
Sub Cruci Vivi mori!

As the coming stream poured up towards him, a sudden crowding, a dark object appeared upon a turret, and the black bow of a scorpion moved on the wall, and levelled upon the knight. For an instant it lay upon the battlement, till suddenly the bright eye of the arrow looked at him over the stone; a universal cry and waving of hands and caps came from the assault, but Raymond stood still, waving his hand, and singing his song, till a wild cry, a flying shadow came through the smoke, and at the moment that the dart parted from the cord, Albert threw himself upon the breast of his master, the hissing shaft struck short and sharp in his back, and he dropped from the bosom of the knight upon the rampart.

The dart snapped upon the stone, but the bright point stood stiff and red through the breast of his coat; Raymond dropped the banner and gave a cry of grief, and drew out the broken wood; and as the clear blood gushed after, tore open the breast of the page to staunch the wound, when, as he undid the gorget, he discovered, not the dark neck of a sun-burnt boy, but the white snowy throat of a maiden bosom!

She turned her face to the stone—"Thank God!" she said, "I die for you, as you died for me!"

Raymond raised her eagerly in his arms—"Who! Who are you?" he exclaimed, looking wildly upon her dark face and snow-white bosom.

"I was—Blanche Rose!" whispered the page.

Raymond fell upon her face, and for a moment held her to his mailed breast as still and silent as herself; but suddenly he started up, and rending his surcoat, bound the fillets round her bleeding breast; but still as he wound fold over fold with wild eagerness, the red blood came through the silk.

"It is not painful," said Blanche, "it will soon be past!"

Raymond dropped the last bandage, and gazed upon her with the fixedness of despair as she lay still in his arms, her white passive face reclined upon his breast, and her cold hand resting quiet in his mail glove. For a while she lay like one composing into sleep, at last she lifted her heavy eyes—

"I am happy! I die in peace!" she said; and turned her face to his bosom like an infant to his rest; and one long tremulous sigh, and her breast came still, her hand unclosed, the smile fixed on her white lip, and the tear in her eye, and she lay calm, and still, and placid, like a child on its parent lap.

They buried them together in the valley of Jehosaphat, and raised over them a grave of simple turf; for he said, "Let our pillow be the earth

\*The ancient war-cry of France.

where He has trodden, and let His light shine upon us by day and His dew come down upon our breast at night."

There is a palm tree at the head of the heap, and a little well at the foot, and one white rose of Sharon that blossoms very sweet over the brink, and sheds the incense of the earth over their breasts who sleep below. At evening the gazelle comes to feed upon the green turf, and the bulbul sings on the bough over his flower, and the palmer at noon takes his branch from the tree, and a blossom from the bush, and sits in the shade, and drinks out of the well and says,

Illuminat Dominus faciem suam super te  
Et det tibi pacem!

## THE LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

### LETTER FROM THE SON OF A PASSENGER.

Dear Bob—Guess where I am now, my boy. Do you give it up? Well, I'm on board the Great Western, I am upon my soul! Father has gone to America to take Bill, the Ceylon Missionary boy, home to his friends, and I am off with him in this steamer, and it's hurrah for Yankee town and the Lord knows where all! It's as good fun as a fair, and there is such a crowd all the time, you can just do what you please, and no one find you out. Sliding on the wet deck above the saloon, when the passengers are at dinner, makes it nice and slippery, and when they come up, not thinking of slides or any thing of the kind, away they go head over heels all in a heap—such screaming among the girls a showing of their legs, and such damning among the men about greasy decks, you never heard. Then dropping a piece of orange peel before a Frenchman, when he goes prancing about the deck, sends him flying a yard or so till he comes on all fours, where he wallops about like a fish just caught. But the best fun is putting shot under the feet of the camp stools, when nobody is looking, it makes the women kick up their heels like donkeys. I have to give my old Governor a wide berth, for he owes me a thrashing, but he is lame and can't catch me. He is proper vexed.—I stole a leaf out of his sermon last Sunday, and when he came to the gap, he stopped, and first looked ahead, and then back again, and at last had to take a running leap over it—my eyes, what a laugh there was! The last words were "the beauty" and the next page began, of the devil and all his works. He coughed, and stammered, and then blew his nose, and then coloured up as red as a herring, and gave me a look, as much as to say—"you'll catch it for this, my boy, I know!" but there is one good thing about the old man too, he don't carry a grudge long. When he came back to his cabin, says he to the Ceylon boy, William, says he, these passengers behave very ill, very ill, indeed—what made them laugh so when I was going into the cabin and coming out again. They must be very loose people, to behave in this unhandsome manner. It is very unbecoming. What were they laughing at, do you know? At the white shirts of the negroes, says I, winking to Bill, but confound him, he would not take a hint. I believe it was this, sir, said Bill, who was always a spooney, taking up the back of his gown and showing him a card, I took off one of the boxes and stuck there, "This side up, to be kept dry."

But the greatest fun I have had is with an old German named Lybolt, of Philadelphia or Pennsylvania or some such place in the States. He sleeps next berth to us. Well, I goes and picks out a piece of putty in the partition just near his head, and when he is fast asleep snoring, lets drive a squirt full of water right into his face and mouth. Oh! mine Cot! mine Cot! the old fellow sings out, varte a leak dat is! I am all wet so I am, most trowned in my ped. Steward, do come here, steward! Well, the steward comes and he can't find the leak, for in the mean time I claps back the putty as snug as a bug in a rug. May be you was sick in your sleep, and didn't know it, says the steward. Cot for tam! I tell you no—it's vater, don't you see? Or perhaps you spilt it out of the basin? Dunder and blitzen! you plack villain, do you mockey me, sir! what for you mean! and away goes the steward, and next day comes the carpenter, and next night comes the squirt again. He'll go mad yet will, old 'Tousand Deyvils! see if he don't.

After dinner I gets down to the other end of the table, where the old Governor can't see me, and gets lots of wine and good things, especially among the Jews. Them are the boys for champagne. I always understood they were close-fisted curmudgeons that wouldn't spend a farthing, but they tucks in the wine in great style. It would do you good to see them turning up the whites of their eyes and taking an observation out of the bottom of their glass. I wouldn't be a slice of ham in them fellows' way for something. They eat and drink as if they never saw food before. But coming out of the companion way in a crowd in the dark, and giving a pinch on the sly to the mulatto girl on the stairs, till she squeals again like a stuck pig and abuses the passengers for no gentlemen, and every one crying out shame, is great sport. There is a great big Irishman from Giant's Causeway that has got the credit of it, and every American says it is just like an Irish blackguard that. If you'd see the coloured servants, what looks they give old Potatoc, it would do you good. They'll murder him if they catch him in New York. I wouldn't be in Pat's jacket for a shilling, I know.

Oh! Bob, I wish you was here; we'd have a noble time of it if you was. As it is, Bill is so cursed soft, and such a coward, he won't join in a lark, and I am frightened out of my life for fear he will peach on me. I have threatened to cut the liver out of him if he does. I am almost afraid he has already, for the mate said to me to-day, 'Come here you young sucking parson, you. If you don't give over cutting those shines, I'll make your breech acquainted with a bit of the haulyards before you are many days older, I'm beggar'd if I don't—so mind your eye my hearty, or you'll catch it, I tell you.' You will, will you? says I—you know a trick worth two of that, I'm thinking, and if you don't there's them on board will teach it to you. So none of your half-laughs to me. I can't say I liked it though, for all that, for he looks like a fellow that would be as good as his word, and if I do catch it I will pay master Bill off for it when I get him ashore, I'm blowed if I don't. There is nothing I hate so much as a tattler.

Board ship is a fine place for old clothes; what with tar and grease and tearing, you get rid of them all in 10 time. I have made all my Sunday clothes old, and worn all my old ones out, so that I shall come out in a new rig at New York, as fine as examination day, and try for a long coat and French boots, if I can come round the old man. Remembering his texts and praising his sermons generally does that. I think I am too big now for short jacket and trousers. Jim Brown warn't so tall as me by half an inch when he give them up, though he was a year older. Besides in course a long coat has more pocket money than a coat, and servants don't treat you any longer as a child and aint afraid to trust you with a horse. Now if I go to smoke, every one says, look at that brat smoking, what a shame it is for the parson to let that boy use a cigar! just as if I hadn't as good a right as they have, the lubbers. Oh! yes, dear Bob, I wish with all my heart you was here, it would make you split your sides a laughing to see how putting broke glass into boots makes fellows limp like beggars and sing out for boot jacks, and how running pins into cushions makes the women race off screaming and scratching; but there aint so much fun when you have to do it all yourself, and no one besides to laugh with at the joke, it makes it dull sport after all. I expect I shall be caught yet, but if I am, and had up for it afore the old Governor, I will swear it was all Bill, for he deserves a biding, the coward, for not joining in it.

I am to have all holidays while I am gone except a lesson every day in Latin grammar, but I have been all over it before, so it will take no time at all to do it. When I get to New York I will write to you again and let you know what sort of a place it is and how the yankee girls look, and if I get my long coat out of father, I'll have fine fun among them. I don't like to speak to them now, for short coats looks foolish. Remember me to all the boys and particularly to Betty housemaid and believe me dear Bob

Your faithful friend,

TOM TROTTER.

### LETTER FROM AN OLD HAND.

My Dear James—Just as I was embarking, I received your letter requesting me to give you a full account of my voyage, and such hints as might be useful to you whenever you shall make the passage yourself. The first is unnecessary, for there is nothing to tell. Every man is alike—every woman is alike. They are more alike than the men, too much of the devil in all. Every ship is alike, especially steam ships, and the incidents of one voyage are common to all. "Facies non omnibus una, nec tamen diversa."

The company usually consists of young officers joining regiments;—talk—Gibraltar—Cape—Halifax—Horse guards—promotion and sporting: of naval men; talk—insults to flag—foreign stations—crack frigates—round sterns—Old Admiral: of speculators; talk—cotton—to-bacco—flour: of Provincials; talk—Dorham—Head—Colborne—Ponlette Thompson: of travellers; talk—Mississippi—Niagara—Mahone bay: of women; talk—head-ache—amusements, and nonsense about Byron: of Yankees; talk—Locofocos—go-ahead—dollars: of manufacturers; talk—steam—factories—machinery: of blockheads, who chatter like monkeys, about everything. The incidents are common to all—fall on the deck—wet through—very sick—bad wine—cold dinner—rough water—shipped a sea, and a tureen of soup—spoke a ship, but couldn't hear—saw a whale, but so far off, only a black line—feel sulky. There is nothing therefore to tell you, but what has been told a thousand times, and never was worth telling once. But there are a few maxims worth knowing.

1st. Call steward—enquire the number of your cabin—he will tell you it is No. 1, perhaps—ah! very well, steward, here is half a sovereign to begin with, don't forget, it is No. 1. This is the beginning of the voyage, I shall not forget the end of it. He never does lose sight of No. 1, and you continue to be No. 1 ever after; best dish at dinner, by accident, is always before you, best attendance behind you, and so on. You can never say with the poor devil, that was hen-pecked, "the first of the tea, the last of the coffee for poor Jemy."—I always do this.

2d. If you are to have a chum, take a young one, and you can have your own way by breaking him in yourself.—I always do.

3. If the berths are over each other, let the young fellow climb, and do you take the lowest one, it is better he should break his neck than you.—I always do.

4th. All the luggage not required for immediate use, is marked "below," don't mark yours so at all, and you have it all in your own cabin, where you know where to find it when you want it. It is not then squeezed to death by a hundred tons of trunks. If you have not room in your cabin for it all, hint to your young chum, he has too much baggage, and some of it must go "below."—I always do so.

5th. Don't talk French, it brings all those chattering, grimacery fellows about you.—I never do.

6th. Make no acquaintance with women on two accounts; first, they have no business on board, and secondly, they are too troublesome.—I never do.

7th. Never speak to a child, or you can't get clear of the nasty little lapdog thing ever afterwards.—I never do.

8th. Always judge your fellow passengers to be the opposite of what they strive to appear to be. For instance, a military man is not quarrelsome, for no man doubts his courage. A snob is. A clergyman is not over strait-laced, for his piety is not questioned. But a cheat is. A lawyer is not apt to be argumentative. But a doctor is. A woman that is all smiles and graces is a vixen at heart. Snakes fascinate. A stranger that is obsequious and over-civil without apparent cause, is treacherous. Cats that purr, are apt to bite and scratch like the devil. Pride is one thing, assumption is another; the latter must always get the cold shoulder, for whoever shows it is no gentleman; men never affect to be what they are not. The only man who really is what he appears to be, is—a gentleman.—I always judge thus.

9th. Keep no money in your pockets—when your clothes are brushed in the morning, it is apt—ahem—to fall out.—I never do.



10th. At table, see what wine the Captain drinks; it is not the worst.—*I always do.*

11th. Never be "at home" on any subject, to stupid fellows: they won't "call again"—*I never am.*

12th. Never discuss religion or politics with those who hold opinions opposite to yours; they are subjects that heat in handling, until they burn your fingers; never talk learnedly on topics you know, it makes people afraid of you; never talk on subjects you don't know, it makes people despise you; never argue, no man is worth the trouble of convincing, and the better you reason the more obstinate people become; never pun on a man's words: it is as bad as spitting in his face. In short, whenever practicable, let others perform, and do you look on: a seat in the dress-circle is preferable to a part in the play.—*This is my rule.*

13th. Be always civil, and no one will be rude to you; be ceremonious, and people cannot if they would; impertinence seldom honours you with a visit, without an invitation—at least.—*I always find it so.*

14th. Never sit opposite a carving-dish; there is not time for doing pretty.—*I never do.*

15th. Never take a place opposite a newly married couple; it is a great many things, tiresome, tantalizing, disgusting, and so on.—*I never do.*

16th. Never sit near a subordinate officer of the ship, they are always the worst served and are too much at home to be agreeable.—*I never do.*

17th. Never play at cards; some people know too little for your temper, and others too much for your pocket.—*I never do.*

18th. There is one person to whom you should be most attentive and obliging, and even anticipate his wants; his comforts should be made paramount to every other consideration, namely—yourself.—*I always do.*

There are many other corollaries from these maxims, which a little reflection will suggest to you, but it is a rule never to write a long letter.—*I never do.*

Yours always,

JOHN STAGER.

## LETTER FROM ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS TO HER KINSWOMAN.

Esteemed Friend—There will be pleased to hear that we are now in sight of America, to which country the Lord has graciously vouchsafed to guide us in safety through many perils, giving us permission at times to see the light of the sun by day, and sometimes the stars by night, that we may steer our lonely way through the dreary waste and solitary expanse of the pathless ocean.

And now, esteemed and kind friend, my heart yearneth towards thee, and my first thought on approaching this strange land, as my last on leaving that of my forefathers, resteth on thee, my early companion, my good counsellor, my well-beloved sister. How often, in the stillness of night, when alone in my bed, has thy image been called up before me, by the fond recollections of the past! How often have I longed for thee amid the raging of the tempest, that my heart, though resigned to meet whatever might betide it, might catch the power of adding hope to fortitude, from the cheerful aspect of thy countenance! And how often amid the rain and frivolous scenes that I have daily mingled in on board of this ship, have I wished for thy conversation, thy companionship and support. Strange sensations have affected me by such associations as I have had here. A maiden and her brother, from London, are fellow-passengers. She is very affable and kind, very condescending in her manners, humble-minded, though of high birth, and of a great talent for conversation. She is beloved by all, and has won kind regards from every body. Her attire is what is called in the gay world "fashionable." It is composed of the most beautiful fabrics, and, though rich, has much simplicity. I sometimes ask myself—Why do I call this vain or idle? If Providence decks the birds of the air with variegated and brilliant plumage, and endows the flowers of the field with splendid colours; if the rose boasts its delicate tints, the shrubs their fragrant blossoms, and the vine its tendrils and its wreaths, can these things be vain? The lilies toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If we who have dominion over them are not ourselves clothed by nature, was it not an intimation that our toilet was left to ourselves, that it might suit the seasons and our tastes, that it might be renewed when old, and please the eye, and do justice to the symmetry and beauty of our form? When I look at this lovely maiden, and see her in this vain attire, and observe that she is not rendered vain thereby herself, forgive me Martha, but I cannot help admitting the question does arise to my mind—"Can this be sinful?" Does it not afford employment to the poor, profit to the mechanic and manufacturer, and diffuse wealth that avarice might otherwise hoard? To-day she came into my cabin and asked me to walk the deck with her, and as I sought my bonnet, said, 'my dear, suffer me to see how you would look in mine, my pretty friend,' and then stood off and lifted up both hands and exclaimed, 'How beautiful! How well it becomes that innocent face! Do look at your sweet self in the glass, my love. How handsome! is it not? Nay, blush not; be candid now, and say whether it is not more becoming than that little pasteboard Quaker bonnet of thine. Such a face as yours is too lovely to be immured in that unpretending piece of plainness, as you yourself would be to be imprisoned in a nunnery:

Full many a face with brightest eye serene

Those plain unfashionable bonnets bear;

Full many a rose they doom to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness 'mong the ringlets there.'

Nay, said I, dear lady, now thee convinces me that the Friends very properly forbid the use of those vain and idle decorations, for thee makest me vain. There has summoned up more pride in my heart, in those few brief minutes, than I knew before to have existed within me. Pray take it back ere I am spoiled by thy praise or thy worldly attire. 'You would soon learn not to be vain of them, when you had been used to them: am I vain?' No, indeed, said I, by no means: thee is not vain, but far, very far from it; and I could not help thinking, neither should I be vain, if, like her, I wore them daily.

Do not be alarmed, Martha, thee must not think I am going to adopt the dress of these people; I have no such thoughts; but methinks we place more importance upon this subject than it deserves; but, perhaps, my understanding is too weak to penetrate the reasons wisdom assigns for their exclusion. Her brother is a captain in the army—very tall, very polite, and very handsome. His eyes are uncommonly intelligent, and so bright, I cannot look at them when he speaks to me, for they seem to see through mine into my heart, and read all that is there. There is nothing there, thee knowest, but what he or any one else might read, except that I do not want him to know, what I should be ashamed to tell him, that I think him so handsome, so very handsome. He swears sometimes, which is such a pity. I heard him say, yesterday, to another officer that is on board,—How lovely that quaker girl is! She is the sweetest girl I ever saw! She is a perfect beauty—what eyes! what a bust—what feet—and then he swore an oath, I must not repeat—she was an angel! How shocking to be spoken of in such language of profane praise, by a man whose business is war, and who is familiar with swords, and guns, and weapons of destruction. That oath made me shudder, especially, as I know I was the innocent cause of it; and yet he is so gentle, his manner so kind, and his conversation so intelligent, that I am sure, he is not aware of this habit, which he has caught without knowing it, from others. He does not agree with his sister about dress. He told me, he thought there was great elegance in the simplicity of the quaker dress—that there was a modest beauty in it, particularly becoming young maidens—that he considered the way fashionable ladies dressed, was disgusting, and that the muslin that half concealed, half revealed our charms, was uncommonly attractive. I do not know how it is, I fear this man of war. I abhor his swearing, and never could love him, no never: and yet I do like to hear him talk to me, his voice is so musical, and his discourse so modest and suitable for female ear. He has seen much of foreign parts, and has helped me to pass many a weary hour. His anecdotes are both amusing and instructive. How strange a contradiction is man! He swears, because I heard him swear about me, and yet there is an air of piety that pervades his discourse, that is very pleasing. If thee had heard the terms of just indignation with which he related the Polygamy of the Turks, and how they ought to be hung, that had so many wives, thee could not believe it was the same person who used profane oaths. I think, if he was one of the Friends, instead of a Captain of one of the Queen's hosts, I should fear to be so much with him, lest my affections should outstrip his.

Of the other passengers, I cannot say much; they play at cards, and throw the dice, and for money too, and drink a great deal of wine, and talk very loud. It is a discordant scene, and very noisy, for there are people of all nations here. Their prejudices and predilections are amusing. The French cannot eat sea biscuit, they are so used to soup. The Jews will not touch pork. The teetotals abjure wine and strong drink. The Catholics, every now and then, refuse meat, and eat only fish. The English abhor molasses, and the Yankees abuse French wines. The foreigners detest rum, and tobacco is a constant source of discussion; yet amid all this there is no quarrelling. I have not been sea-sick myself at all, though the captain was for two days, and it was fortunate for him his sister was on board to minister to his wants. He is very courageous. During the dreadful gale we had, he asked me to go on deck, and see how beautiful the ocean looked in such a tempest, and he supported me with his arm in the kindest manner. As we passed the cabin of the missionary passenger on deck, we heard music, and stopped to listen; it was a hymn, that he and several persons joined in singing. As it rose and fell on the blast, its melancholy tones of supplication had a striking effect, and touched the heart with sadness. What a fitting time this would have been, to have appealed to him against the irreverent use of His name, who was walking abroad on the waters! but my heart failed me, for just as I looked at him to speak, I encountered those eyes, those beautiful, speaking, searching eyes, that so unaccountably compel me to withdraw mine, and cause me a kind of confusion. Perhaps such another opportunity may not occur. I felt interested in him on account of his lovely sister, who is all gentleness and goodness, and although I abhor war, and fear warriors, and shall never forget his profaneness in calling an humble maiden like me an angel; yet it is the only fault he has, and it would be cruel to regard him with averted looks, or frowns of indignation.

Indeed, one cannot harbour such thoughts at sea, where the heart is impressed by its mystery, elevated by its sublimity, and awed by its power—vast—restless—trackless, unfathomable and inscrutable, what an emblem it is of the ubiquity and power of God!—How many ideas it suggests, how it awakens the imagination, how it subdues and softens the heart! How vast are the treasures of this great store-house of the world! How many kind, generous and faithful beings has the sea folded in its bosom, and oh how many have gone down to its caverns, amidst the thunders of war, with the guilt of blood upon their hands, to realize what man, sinful man, miscalls glory!—Of vessels wrecked, or burned, or foundered, the number must have been fearfully great, and oh what aching hearts, agonizing shrieks, and lingering deaths has it witnessed! I know not how it is, I cannot look abroad upon this world of waters, without being strongly impressed with a melancholy feeling of interest in those untold tales—those hidden annals—those secrets of the vasty deep. If the captain thought as I did, he would not lightly—but I forget, I only mention his name, because there is really so little to write about, that is worth a thought in this great floating caravansary. When I arrive at New York, which I hope will be on the 3d morning of the 2d week of this month, I shall write thee again.

REBECCA FOX.

P. S.—I hear the weather in Philadelphia is excessively hot, and that it is necessary to wear thin clothing, to avoid the yellow fever. So thee will please to send me the finest and thinnest muslin thee can find, for my neck; and though I may not wear Leghorn or Palmetto, yet a gauze bonnet would not be so heavy as mine, in this intense heat, nor intercept so painfully all air. Delicate lace gloves, methinks, would confer similar advantages.—The captain has just enquired of me, what route we take on our arrival, and says, it is remarkable, that he and his sister had fixed

on the same tour, and leave New York by the same conveyance we do; I had wished for her company, and am much pleased to be favoured with it.

R. F.

## THE EVIL EYE OF THE OXFORD ROAD.

BY A NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

Few are the individuals who are so fortunate as to pass through life without some temporary occasion for personal concealment. Debts and duns are not the sole motives for occasional seclusion;—associates who will not be privately shaken off, and cannot be publicly avowed—a vindictive wife—an angry father—an election manoeuvre—a literary production recently damned—nay, even the disfigurement of some cutaneous blemish defying the power of Gowland and Rowland, may induce the most audacious of mankind to skulk for a time. To the unfortunate majority of my readers who may have submitted to similar necessity, I appeal for confirmation of my own experience, that however insignificant at other periods—however diminutive in stature or trivial in importance—the fatal necessity for passing unobserved, invests a pigmy with gigantic eminence, and endows the shadow of a shade with the substantial muscularity of the Farnesian Hercules. The shrinking incognito finds himself expanding and expanding till no earthly dwelling will limit his dimensions, and the eyes of the whole world become riveted on his superhuman immensity. For him there exists no shade, no obscurity; the thickest veil grows transparent, and every crow becomes an Argus pheasant as it perches by his side, and the very peacocks, as they spread their tails in the sun, seem to regard him with a thousand peering eyes.

It matters little to the world by what disastrous concatenation of circumstances I found myself in the spring of 1830 reduced to the necessity for a partial eclipse—I say partial, because, even in the extremity of the case, I might have walked unfearingly in the brightness of meridian sunshine through every metropolis from one end of Europe to the other. A side-box at Covent-Garden, a chair in the Tuileries gardens, a stall at the Karthner Thor, a lounge on the Prado or the Corso, would have wrought me no manner of evil: I might have smoked a cigar on St. Stephen's Green, or confronted the literary mists of Prince's street, without apprehension or annoyance. Nevertheless, I had my vulnerable heel. Why should I blush to own it? Troy, Marathon, Waterloo, Varna, have witnessed the defeat of heroes; and I am free to admit, that one city of the United Kingdom—one fatal and inevitable city—contained for myself the elements of personal disaster—Granta, or in plain English, Oxford.

Such, too, was the contrariety of my destiny, that circumstances of great moment actually compelled me to march to the field of action, to carry myself and my presentiments to the scene of annoyance, to dare detection among ten thousand observant individuals. Nay, to make the matter worse, I had a whole month to contemplate the approaching catastrophe; thirty miserable nights wherein to shape detection in every variety of annoyance which nightmare could devise; thirty tedious days wherein to ponder, and grieve, and despond over the probabilities of speedy and public recognition! Sometimes I started from my pillow as a voice, shrill as that of a guinea-fowl before a storm, seemed to shout my name from some mysterious concealment; sometimes a detestable dear old friend appeared to seize me by the arm with officious fervour as I sought to pass him by and make no sign; sometimes a stray cur fixing its fangs into my leg, and piercing through boots and overalls as though they had been manufactured, like the garments of Tom Thumb, of an oak-leaf and a spider's web, forced me to shriek out for mercy, and raise the slouched hat from my agonized brow. From these and similar dreams, I used to wake to the dreadful certainty that all these pains must actually be endured in the flesh as well as the spirit; that

"Airy tongues, which syllable men's names,"

were very likely to vociferate mine from some attic story—that officious friends and yelping puppy-dogs were waiting for me by dozens in my unsatisfactory destination—and that I had no better chance of evading their united detection than such as might be attained through the assistance of a coat unfitted by my ordinary tailor; a hat of anything but my usual form and dimensions; and a gait as little resembling my accustomed frank and fearless dignity of demeanour, as if it had been trained under the tutorage of a mincing French dancing-master.

At length the fatal hour of trial approached. April was the latest to which I could procrastinate my visit; and as the boisterous winds of March howled around me with that leonine voice which is ever said to mark their oriental origin, I attempted to elevate my spirit to their uproarious level, and bully myself into courage. After due consideration, I resolved, that as redundancy of caution often oversteps its mark, I would treat the matter cavalierly; and whereas a scudding step and downcast visage are apt to attract the notice and puzzle the curiosity of the Paul Pry of the creation, I promised myself to assume the lofty port of the Place Vendôme column, and wear out the everlasting flint with the step of a recruiting serjeant. And yet my first manoeuvre was scarcely that of a hero. After reflecting that a midnight journey in his Majesty's mail would bring me to the dreaded spot in company with the rosy dawn, I could by no means make up my mind to confront day's garish eye in the onset of the business;—to rush into a mob of ostlers, cads, waiters, boot-boys, and all the centaurian monsters who hang about the stables of an inn, appeared little less than madness. I was sure to be accosted on the very step of the leathern conveyance with "Mr.—, Sir, please to let me take the portmanteau;" or "Mr.—, Sir, I've always had the job of your honour's luggage."

Fool that I was! I accordingly determined to travel down by a day-coach; omitting from my calculations that the same number of miles and hours which sufficed to convey me from the Bull and Mouth to Oxford, between eight of the clock and sunrise, would not extend themselves to detain me between the Spread Eagle and the same destination from seven in the morning till dusk in the evening. I had, in short, completely miscalculated the affair! The morning twilight would have presented me

only to some half-dozen ragamuffins, engrossed by the extortion of "tizzies" from coach-passengers; whereas, the setting sun was sure to expose me to shoals of my lounging friends and acquaintance, to whom the High-street affords an unfailing close to the monotony of a long afternoon, and to whom the arrival of the London coach is as refreshing as tidings of the Spring fleet to the exiles of the Hooghly.

Journeys in stage-coaches are usually treated with great humour by writers of fiction; but I, alas! who am simply an autobiographer, must own that I have hitherto journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, from Truro to Berwick-upon-Tweed, in these miscellaneous vehicles, and "found all barren." I never had the luck to stumble on a beauty, a wit, or a wonder, in the course of my public-conveyance experience. On this occasion, my companions consisted of a female servant out of place, returning on a visit to her friends in the country, in a pair of very moistened cotton gloves and a cast off bonnet of her last lady's; and an elderly man in gaiters, who was fast asleep when I placed myself by his side. All this suited me very well. The ex-housemaid was evidently a villager, and could have no concern in mine; and the old gentleman seated beside me, even if he should awake, could obtain only such a view of my countenance as I chose to afford. He might have been the leading grocer of the High-street of Oxford for anything I cared to the contrary. But again my calculations were erroneous! I had not progressed five-and-twenty miles beyond the last turnpike of the last suburb of the metropolis before I discovered that our Cowslip was not only bent upon acquainting me with every incident of her own life, but upon rendering herself cognizant of mine. With the most unbewitching frankness, and artless impertinence, she perplexed me with such plain questions as it was impossible to answer except by naked truths, or naked untruths; such as whether I was married or single,—a father or childless,—a Londoner or Agrestian;—whether I was going to Oxford or further, and whether I had ever been there before. There was a degree of simplicity in this audacious spirit of investigation which almost set me at my ease!—and I managed to reply to her early interrogatories without much expenditure of patience or veracity, when just at the crisis of my catechism—just as I was at the point of uttering a monstrous fabrication, I perceived that my somnolent neighbour had not only shaken off his lethargy, but that nature having inserted his optics transversely, after the fashion commonly called swivel-eyed, the near eye of these obliquitous features, instead of being directed in an honest position towards the maiden in the calico gloves, was most nefariously fixed on myself! There it glared!—a fish-like, cold, unmoving, accusatory orb!—forming, as well as my fancy could conjecture, the moral antipodes of the insinuating pupil of the widow Wadman. No—I dared not to utter another equivocation for the world!

I verily believe the respectable gentleman in gaiters was innocent of any intention to annoy me; for instead of pushing still further the cross-examination which had already so severely taxed my inventive faculties, he began to talk in the most desultory style of times and places, stock and stocks, Catholics and corn; nor did his conversation assume anything of a perplexing form, till the discussion upon place and time resolved itself into the shape of a calculation touching the probable period of our arrival at Oxford. Taking from his corduroys a globular tortoise-shell watch, of the date of the battle of Dettingen, he began to enlarge, with chuckling exultation, on the prolongation of daylight this fine spring weather; assuring us that we should reach the Angel by half-past four; or in other words, that I should find myself landed in the High-street with full two hours of daylight, as well as all my misfortunes before me!

What was to be done? To encounter the high tide of the lounging population at such an hour, in such a spot, was not to be thought of. I half resolved to stop at some village of the environs, on pretence of indisposition, or hunger, and proceed on my journey towards nightfall. But it is not every village which reckons "neat post-chaises" among its natural or artificial productions; and the act of discussion with coachees, the examination of the way-bill, and the search after and appropriation of the luggage addressed to — Esq., passenger, would expose my patronymic to a thousand perilous chances among my fellow travellers. After a renewal of my original resolve to meet the enemy with heroism, I threw myself once more into the corner of the coach, fancying that my perturbation could not have escaped the scrutiny of the swivel-eye which was fixed on all my movements with a sort of demoniacal bewitchment, and heartily praying that the clear chilly sky, which overhung the road before us, might become obscured with clouds; that a hail-storm, or a thunder-storm, or any other kind of storm, might inundate the streets of Oxford previous to our arrival. But from the moment I formed this wish a resplendent April sun shed forth its radiance in the heavens; and as its beams reached my disordered countenance, methought they seemed to waken a glance of fiendish and malignant triumph in the projecting grey swivel-eye, which interposed between my own and the window of the coach. Every minute I was growing more uneasy, more agitated, more conscious of impending evil; and right glad was I when, on drawing up at Wycombe, before the colossal effigy of a vermillion lion, with a beard spiked with iron palisades, I found that we were to stop to dine, and that I should be for a time relieved from the unnatural glare of that perverted organ of vision.

Without being a curious epicurean, I must own that I entertain no peculiar predilection for stage-coach dinners. The sirloin of a superannuated draught-ox—an acidulated draught of stale ale—a pigeon-pie made of rooks—and an apple-tart made of putty—are viands by no means inviting. Yet on the present occasion, intent upon prolonging the rich repast to the latest possible moment admissible by the patience of my companions, I set about demolishing two gigantic specimens of the gallinaceous tribe, which had probably crowed at the barn-door of the Red-Lion from the first sprouting of its ferruginous whiskers. While the individual in gaiters kept consulting, from minute to minute, his ponderous chronometer, I attacked wing after wing, drumstick after drumstick, tugged, twisted, hacked, and finally dismembered every limb of the unfortunate old fowls, till at length the uncompromising cry of "Coach a-waiting gem'men," admitted of no further effort. Nothing remained but prompt payment and immediate departure. The bulkiest outsider was at length hoisted to his bad eminence;



the ladder was withdrawn, the ostler stood counting his pence beneath the shade of the scarlet quadruped, the steps jangled, the dogs barked, the whip cracked, "all right," and away we went, as if Paradise and Oxford were of synonymous attraction.

"I think," said I, half interrogatively, as we reached a long hill a mile or two further on the road, "I really think it will be dark before we arrive."

The swivel-eye assumed a sneering expression, although its proprietor said nothing; while Cowslip, who had been prodigal in her trials of the Buckinghamshire ale, uttered an audible snore; and thus discouraged, I naturally fell into a fit of musing. But alas! all my cogitations centered in one fatal self-conviction that I was on the Oxford road, actually within twenty miles of a city, where to be seen was a sentence of disgrace, where to remain invisible was as physically impossible as to throw a veil over the dome of St. Paul's, or cover the Monument with an extinguisher! Again, in the agony of my heart, regardless of the slumbers of my female, or the sneers of my male companion, I cried aloud, "After all, it may possibly be dark before we arrive."

Startled by the ejaculation, Cowslip suddenly paused in her laborious nasal symphony, exclaiming, with a half-suppressed yawn, "La, Sir, sure you ben't feared of highwaymen?"

On this hint, a new and still more diabolical expression gleamed in the stationary swivel-eye; a sort of fiendish waggery deriding the sufferings depicted on the wretched countenance whereon it had fixed its preternatural stare. I actually shuddered under the infliction. "Highwaymen!" he reiterated, with a sort of cackling laugh. "The gentleman need not be under any apprehensions; I will guarantee him daylight enough both before and after his arrival." A cold dew rose on my forehead; I was persuaded that it could be none other than Mephistopheles himself.

From the moment this notion took possession of my mind I felt wholly unable to withdraw my attention from his face; I was conscious of being under the fascination of an evil eye; and in defiance of stoppages or velocity, up-hill or down-hill, turnpikes or interposing pigs and children on the road, jolts, jumbings, jars, and parcels to be dropped by the wayside, I never, for a single moment, removed the vacant stare with which I rendered back his derisive glance. By Heavens! instead of dreading the aspect of the long, smooth gravel walk which foreshows the suburbs of Oxford on the London road, I actually beheld the spires of the city rising above the green meadows with a sensation of relief. "Daylight" I knew I should have in abundance; he had promised it to me—the wretch, the fiend! but what were twice five thousand eyes fixed in recognition upon my person, compared with that one, cold, dead, meaningly-unmeaning, insignificantly-significant eye, glaring upon me in horrible approximation! "Oh! for a horse with wings!" I would have flown to the ends of the earth to be rid of my tormentor!

It had been my intention on dislodging myself from the coach, to sneak round from the High-street towards that obscure lane wherein the ancient hostel of the Bear and Ragged Staff gives shelter to the commercial classes, and a copious dispensation of punch and other comfortable liquors to such hostlers and drapers of the neighbourhood as have wives professing an antipathy to the fumes of the Virginian weed. But the Bear and Ragged Staff was to me on the present occasion as a rock of perdition. I might as well have advertised myself at once in the "Hue and Cry," or exhibited my face among the samples on the Corn Exchange. For once, therefore, it became necessary that I should "take mine ease"—or rather my disquiet—in a crack inn; and with my agonised gaze still fixed on the Polyphemic orb of my loathsome neighbour, I suddenly determined to get out at the Angel, the original destination of our coach, and the most eminent in the city. The traveller's or coffee-room was not for my money; I made up my mind to the security of a private apartment—*private!* delicious word! At that moment a sudden jerk proclaimed our pause at the last turnpike.

"Well, Sir," said my companion, in a sort of inward chuckle, but without withdrawing his eye, "I promised you daylight enough! Trust me, you have full two hours before you to see and be seen!"

My heart grew sick. Still, still he gazed, and glared, with that one glassy orb; and still I stared upon him in paralysed dismay. The hum of the High street rose in my ears; crowds were moving hither and thither over its wide-stones—crowds of my familiar friends and familiar foes. Yet I looked not on them—thought not of them—dreaded and eschewed them no longer. "He sees me! he is looking at me! he recognises me! he will denounce me—dishonour me! What matters precaution? What avails concealment? The eye!—the eye!"

We pause! Boots, ostler, waiters, porters, chambermaids, landlord, landlady, barmaid, all are astir—all ready—all eager for the coming custom and the customary comers! The door opens; the steps descend; the fustian-suited arm presents itself; I shake off the spell—I breathe—I am a man again. A single stride clears me the causeway and conveys me into the capacious hall of the Angel Inn.

No peculiar alacrity attends on coach-passengers, especially during the bustle of arrival. "Waiter!" said I, detaining a dirty dog who was shuffling along with a glass-cloth, by way of napkin, on his arm, and a tureen of horse-tail soup in his hand—"Waiter, I want a private room—show me to a private room."

But lo! as he prepared to deposit his tureen and comply, a hoarse voice whispered over my shoulder, "Ay, ay, Sir! I promised you daylight enough. I am not to be—"

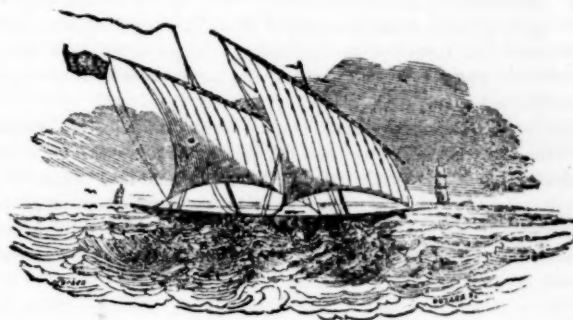
I could not stop to listen; but, following the scudding waiter up the matted stairs, three steps at a time, found myself ushered into a small neat chamber, overlooking the street.

Ye powers of peace! Shall I ever forget the sensation of delight with which I found myself—*alone*, uneyed, unwatched, unmolested? To my dying day that small chamber, with its Turkey carpet, and marone leather sofa and chairs—its gaudy looking-glass and rainbow bell-ropes, and, above all, its closed and sacred door, will live in my remembrance as the snuggest sanctuary ever vouchsafed to a wayfaring wanderer. No sooner had the waiter retreated, and the hasp of the door snapped in its

socket, than I threw myself on the sofa, and gasped aloud with the sensation of a reprieved criminal. For full five minutes I could do nothing but expatiate in the full luxury and stretchery of physical and moral release: but the sixth minute carried me to the window; and, drawing aside the blind, just enough to peep into the street and ascertain the approach of twilight, I beheld, glaring from the opposite house, a pair—yes, an actual pair of the self-same great, grey, glassy eyes which had excruciated me for five preceding hours.

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed, falling back upon the sofa in the corresponding attitude of the French hypochondriac, whose physician had dressed up a fac-simile of one of his own mental apparitions—"Great Heavens! there are two of them!"

No explanation of the foregoing anecdote need be offered to such travellers as have sojourned at the Angel Inn, Oxford, opposite the sign of the optician's shop.



## THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1840.

### THE STEAMERS AND THE GOOD OLD PACKET LINE.

No one could have been more rejoiced than ourselves at the solution of the problem of the practicability of traversing the Atlantic by steam power. We indulged the belief, in common with our contemporaries, that by the aid of steam, England would virtually be brought half way across the Atlantic, and that twice at least each month we should have laid on our table the wealth of the current literature of Europe. Sad, however, has been our disappointment, for so uncertain have become the day of sailing, and the arrival of these fire flies of the ocean, and so pertinaciously does every one insist on making the steamers the only medium of conveying letters to and fro, that unless one should by chance again leave England, we don't know that we should hear again from the father land till the crack of doom. We now and then, to be sure, get a few papers by a Packet, but it has become so universal a practice to detain every thing which one desires to send a "with haste and speed," for the sailing of the Steamer, that any detention on her part acts like an embargo on news,—meanwhile the poor quill driver of an Editor is racking his brain to eke out a relish of native growth to stay the appetite of querulous newsmongers.

With these drawbacks staring us in the face, we begin to feel an awakening of our old admiration for the Packet Lines. They were so numerous and so admirably conducted, that seldom did a week elapse without an arrival, and as no particular day was ever fixed on for the reaching us, nobody felt disappointed at a little tardiness of a few days. But how different is it now. Public expectation remains on tip-toe the moment it is conjectured that a Steamer has been fourteen days out from England, until she touches our wharves, or until some packet arrives to tell us the Steamer did not sail. Thus it has been with the British Queer. It appears by our latest England papers that she did not arrive out until the 25th of December, and that great disappointment had been felt in consequence, and because it was then impossible to dispatch her again on the 1st of January, as advertised. For many days previous to her arrival the London prints indulged in various conjectures as to the cause of her detention on her voyage, and much anxiety was evinced in the Metropolis. It appears, however, that the delay was mainly attributable to violent head winds and heavy seas,—her decks having been swept more than once on her passage.

While we on this side of the water were deploring her non-arrival in New-York during the last ten days of January, she was safely laid up in the London docks, and undergoing repairs. Our correspondents had calculated on her leaving England on New Year's day, and had been treasuring their despatches to send them by her. We begin now to apprehend that they delayed them still longer to come by the Liverpool, believing she would reach us sooner at this season of the year, than the Packets which sailed before her. The Liverpool is supposed to have sailed on the 20th of January, but doubts are now beginning to be entertained whether

she left according to advertisement. If such should prove to be the fact, we think we have some reason to indulge our newly inspired admiration for the good old Packet Line.

"GOOD MORROW, 'TIS SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY."—We like to imagine what a glorious specimen of humanity the old Romish Bishop must have been, whose love-crowned festival has been consecrated for so many centuries. Venus must have rocked his cradle, and sang him to sleep with honied lullaby, while Cupid, the precious boy, with his snow-fluted pinions, and sealed eye-lids must have hung upon his youth, and fevered his heart with passionate yearnings for the smile of woman.

We hear that the rites of courtly knighthood were never more blithly enacted in Gotham than yesterday's, the 14th morn of this Siberian month. Enamoured Valentines were to be seen by the sweeps and milkmen flitting at an early hour from door to door, like Ossian's ghosts, in the heavy sea-mist that curtained our quiet city. Bright eyes were awake, and hearts beat tremulously as the quick ringing of door-bells announced the chivalric bachelors.

"What *terra incognita* is there—what *Ultima Thule* (barren of love) to which the sun that rises on this day brings no joy—where the postman's double knock was never heard? When letters shall cease to be written, (but not till then) when love shall be no more,—then shall this amorous holy-day darken, and grow common; then shall it be a mere vulgar root, (now, how full of rare and sweet flowers!) in the wilderness of days—a grain in the desert of time."

Here is the only Valentine that has met our eye, addressed to the fair descendant of an ancient Knickerbocker in this city, which an accident has thrown in our way; doubtless thousands of others were written and received, but, the coy Damosells to whom they were addressed value them too much, to suffer the cold eyes of the public to scan the perfumed lines:—

TO —

This is the season when the glad birds sing,  
And wander widely with wild, wanton wing;  
Round ruins rare, roam readily right on,  
To build a nest, or watch the setting sun.

So my affections flutter round the fair,  
But rest at last on thee; because you are  
The sun which warms the cockles of my heart;  
Don't think I flatter; yes! indeed thou art  
My pretty Valentine, and as I hope, my future better part.

#### "NOW IS THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."

After a few days of fine sleighing and joyous jingling of bells, "Nature's wintry carpet" has been dissolved, and the dark pavement protrudes itself, while the clattering sound of noisy wheels betokens the approach of coming spring. Seldom have we known so severe a winter in New York with so little snow. While all around us in every direction our neighbours were complaining that the snow was too deep for turning out and safety, here there has been so little, that the increased passing in Broadway has "worn it out" in a few hours after its fall, or so mingled it with the coal dust that black snow became its appropriate name. In a city where so little calculation is made on the continuance of snow, it is quite astonishing to observe with what conveniences all seem to be provided, instantly to enjoy its coming, and how certain all are to partake of the pleasure of a sleigh ride the first day after its fall. If it continue snowing, even at night fall, the dingy pavement is scarce covered, before you hear approaching bells, and as the depth increases you will hear the jingling grow more deep and loud, till at length a stranger would suppose our sober cits had arisen from their beds to partake of the luxuries of a ride, lest they should find it all gone in the morning. The stranger would be mistaken. This early enjoyment of snow, ere it is scarcely lodged on the earth, belongs to those ambitious youths who haunt stables, and can raise "the tin" to hire a limping hack for an hour or two, and who with bells enough to load a mule, rush through the streets, proclaiming to all within hearing of their noisy career, that there will be sleighing on the morrow. They are indeed trotting advertisements for the livery stables, and should no envious rain destroy the morning's hope, well do the keepers of the means of sleigh-riding profit by the perambulations of their noisy neophytes. The day dawns on the earth covered as with a mantle—then may be heard in every coach house and stable yard, loud demonstrations of a change from rumbling wheels to gliding runners.—Then may be heard the gentle tinkling of bells as they receive the last polish from the hand of the animated coachman. The harness is adapted to the lengthened pole—the furs are whipped to their brightest gloss—the young lordlings steal into the stable to watch the progress of preparations, and their tittering little sisters are peeping through the blinds, wild with the anticipation of the approaching ride. Breakfast is over—and now may be seen throughout the whole length of Broadway as brilliant a turnout of fashion—of beauty, and of style, as

New York ever presents.—Such, however, has scarcely been the case this cold winter. Unfortunately almost every snow storm has been converted into a warm rain, and this succeeded by cold, that would do honour to that celebrated iceberg of a place in New Hampshire, where they lengthen their thermometers to measure the intensity of the "stagnant air."

#### "LONDON IS EMPTY."

Every reader of English Papers has remarked, that during four months of the year, the London prints are continually publishing to the world the melancholy fact that "London is empty." Observing this stereotyped announcement in a late paper, we turned to a grumbling John Bull who happened to sit at our elbow, and remarked that we were very sorry for that ill-fated city. His Cockney blood was up in a moment, and he replied to us nearly in the following indignant strain:—

London empty! what an anomaly! As well might they say the Hudson or the Thames is dry, or that the Alps are snowless, or that the mighty Niagara has ceased to roar and to rush over the precipitous rocks, that for a moment agitate its gigantic march. London is empty! Who writes this?—who says this but the fashionable journals of the Metropolis, where every night nearly two millions of human beings sleep or strive to sleep. He who reads the silly assertion forgets the sick chambers where friends and relatives watch the flickering lamp and play the nurse, or where in the latest moment of mortality the feeble sufferer utters his last adieu, and bestows his last blessing on the children around his pillow. Not thought of, are the numberless Prisons, where stone-hearted creditors have immured their victims, or where groan with manacles the petty purloiners of a loaf—unheeded the receptacles of age, infirmity, the sick and the wounded, and those gloomy abodes where orphanage and pauperism exist but live not. Is London empty with ten thousand vessels of all nations riding at anchor in her port? Is London empty with two hundred thousand mechanics at their daily work, innumerable menials at their drudgery, tradesmen at their shops, and merchants at their desks. Should it be said that a city of thirty miles circumference is deserted, because the frivolous and the fashionable are shooting, hunting, fishing, or otherwise ruralizing among the green fields? When then is London full? why, when Parliament meets, which brings to the seat of Government about one thousand members and peers! And this constitutes the standard of a crowded or deserted city? No doubt that this thousand of the *elite* bring many others into the great avenue of gaiety; hundreds and hundreds of gorgeous equipages are rolling through the Parks and Squares,—the opera is all the fashion—the Court is in town—it is the season of dinners and festivities—of soirées and balls. My Lord waltzing with my Lady—rich heiresses bored by foreign baboons—watches by dozens abstracted in the crush-room—elopements and intrigues—alimonies and divorces—the lie given and taken—shots exchanged—bloodless duels—leadless pistols—*How full London is!* And yet the great, the immortal Grimaldi, entertained the same idea, that during three or four months in the year the town was a wilderness, with here and there a stray creature brooding about the deserted streets, and thus he sang,

London now is out of Town,  
No one longer tarries,  
Who can bear to linger there  
When all the World's at Paris.

Mrs. Sims is full of whims,  
Nothing can improve her,  
Till she sees the *Touleres*,  
Or waddles through the Louvre.

#### THE DEVIL AND THE BRIDE.

"The Lord of Iyes, is the ring-leader of all naughtiness; sometimes he tempts by covetousness, pleasure, and pride; and errs, dejects, saves, kills, protects, and rides some men as they do their horses; he studies our overthrow, and generally seeks our destruction."—BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

"The Devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape."

SHAKESPEARE.

"You told me, Wilhelm, she was *not* pretty. How can you deny your own words?" and here the pretty bride of six months gathered up her apron to absorb the chrystal streams that flowed from her eyes.

"Yes dear Hela, she *was* pretty,—but that is such faint praise considering the compliments she got from every one else, I thought it no harm to say so. But how silly you are to cry about it. Did you think I loved you less, sweet tulip, because Malone's eyes were brighter than usual?"

"I know *this* very well, that since the Fair at Dresden you have been an altered man. Last night you started in your sleep, and breathed the name of somebody—not *my* name—Wilhelm. It sounded very like Malone. Then how late you have come to night, and you have forgotten to kiss my brow, and ask how I have borne the long day without you? Ah, 'tis



no use to deny it, you do not love me. The young Count Bruno told me it would be so. I had better have gone before the old priest with him, for he use to vow by every hair in St. Bridget's head I should reign in his old castle, and wear a string of diamonds, and change my dresses every month, if I would dismiss you, Master Scheffel, and become his happy bride!"

As these words somewhat unburdened her heart, she dropped the corner of her apron to observe their effect upon her high-hearted husband.—She almost screamed at the change in his excited countenance. His dark eyes flashed like the flame that leaped from the bright coals on the hearth. His lips were white, and apart, and his arms crossed in proud scorn over his manly breast.

"I will not mind your cruel taunts Hela, though I cannot help blushing for your silly credulity in permitting the Count to whisper such seducing language in your ear. By the Gods, had I known of this before—"

He suddenly rose from his seat, and clenching his right hand with an air of angry defiance, he strode to the casement, uttering a half-suppressed expression of revenge. Hela was heartily frightened at the storm she had roused, but like all women, determined to pursue it to the last extremity, in hopes to bring him a subdued suppliant at her feet, or at least to prolong the delicious triumph of wringing his heart with deeper jealousy.

"Silly credulity indeed! Did not the Count at our last meeting invoke the Virgin and all the angels, when he said, if I would fly with him I should never regret it? kissing my hand all the while as a pledge of his courtly fidelity with more fervour than *Faher Nicholas* ever kissed his breviary?"

"Tell me, when was that, faithless Hela?" exclaimed in an angry voice the exasperated bridegroom, confronting her with the air of an Emperor.

"I will not tell you, Willhem. Indeed I dare not tell you while you are in such a towering passion, and put on such hideous looks. I am afraid of my life. Dear Madonna have mercy upon thy poor unprotected child, left to the rage of a jealous, tyrannical, and cold-hearted husband."

"I will listen to you no longer. You will drive me mad. See if you do not repent the deep injustice you have done me this night. You are free to follow your gallant admirer, and forget in his smile, one who would have poured out his heart's blood to have spared you the unhappiness you have so cruelly, and without cause inflicted upon him. Farewell Hela, farewell forever."

And without another word Scheffel seized his hat and cloak, and darted from the cottage.

For a few minutes Hela was stunned by the noise of the door that violently closed behind him. Then followed a silence profound and breathless as the forest glade before the approach of a summer storm. Burying her face in her lap, she gave full vent to the undissembled feeling of desertion that pressed upon her heart. Her hair hung in maniac curls over her shoulders, and alternate tremblings, and hysterical sobs shook rudely the delicate form of the coquettish bride.

"Ah, how cruel to leave me," she muttered in weeping accents. O that we had never met, and I had listened to the fair words of the noble Count. Such jewels as he promised me, and the family coach, and those four grey palfreys with their silken manes, and sweeping tails! Alas, alas, poor misguided maiden,—for a cottage in the glen, with one straggling vine of jessamine, and a violet bed no bigger than my two hands, I have sacrificed every thing. But then how calm and beautiful Wilhelm looked when he led me to the altar, and how happy we were till he went to that horrid Fair,—but 'tis of no use to regret. I will stay here for a few days—perhaps—no, he said farewell forever. I must travel back to my poor father, and tell him my heart is broken. How sad Wilhelm will be when he hears of my long journey, and my lone, lone days and nights!"

Here she gave way to another outbreak of sorrow,—but at that moment a gentle sliding noise issued from the wide chimney, and Hela raised her swollen eyes to wonder if a swallow's nest had broken loose, or whether—and her glance brightened—she had not mistaken the sound, and Wilhelm had forgotten his cruel rage, and had come back to ask forgiveness, and lay his head in her bosom. But no—the chimney is surely bewitched, for she hears a panting for breath, as if the lungs of a human being were on the point of giving out their last aspiration. Another moment, and a light-built, graceful youth, of low stature, slid gracefully down betwixt the polished andirons, and stood beside her. To be sure there were a few wrinkles lurking about the corners of his mouth, and his large eyes glowed like two volcanos in a dark night. But his dress—a bright coat of Tyrian dye, and delicate small-clothes of blue velvet, with snowy stockings, clocked with dagger points of amber, with roses larger than her doubled hand, upon his brimstone-coloured slippers, could never have been worn except by a court gallant,—and here poor Hela hastily pushed back her disordered hair, and wiped the tears that tremblingly lingered upon her long eye-lashes.

"A happy evening to you, fair bride," said the gorgeous stranger, bowing with elfin grace, and placing his white-gloved hand upon his heart.

"The same to you, noble Sir,—though to me this evening has been the darkest hour of my life, and no one knows but the God above us, what will become of the rest of my days."

Here she observed her guest to shudder, and roll his eyes up like a streak of forked lightning. But he had too much good-breeding to be ruffled for any length of time, so turning about, he helped himself to a seat, and drew it close to the chair of the blushing wife.

"You are entirely too pretty a morsel, dear lady, to crumble away in this deserted abode without a single friend or admirer to sympathise or to love you. I will make you a proposition, that shall with one condition confer upon you the most exalted felicity. You must banish the recollection of the husband of your youth, and forswear his presence from this time forward—on no pretence seek to see or converse with him, but be to him as an utter stranger. For this sacrifice, I will surround you with all the luxuries and splendour which the world masters. A courtly palace shall be your dwelling—you shall wander in gardens fair as the Vale of Tempe, the fruit of whose trees shall resemble that of the Hesperides—birds of the loveliest plumage shall sing to you all the day long. Seated in your chariot drawn by milk-white steeds, you shall roll in proud display wherever you list, striking bitterness to the heart of him who has made you the object of his scorn and cruel desertion. Should you accept my proffer you must never lose sight of the condition, and of the penalty thereof."

His brow darkened like midnight, and his teeth chattered faintly.

"Penalty!" exclaimed the astonished Hela, whose imagination glowed with the fairy dream of such new and brilliant expectations, "and what can it be?"

"You must be mine, pretty one, and mine forever, if you break your promise!"

He grasped her little hand and pressed it to his lips. The cheek of Hela blushed like sunset, and her head drooped in agitated confusion.

"Do you accept my offer, then, fairest?"

She considered pensively for a few moments, and then gave her answer with a clear voice in the affirmative.

Instantly she found herself alone in a gorgeous apartment, with lofty windows and shining draperies—birds in golden cages warbled in every direction, and flowers of every dye perfumed her fairy palace, bedewed with the spray of silvery fountains. What enchantment to the cottage bride! and her own appearance, too, how changed! A brocade of softest blue encircled her jimpey waist, bordered with richest sable. A tiny slipper of satin, clasped across her well-shaped instep. Her naked arms were bound with bracelets, and her hair so recently dishevelled and wet with her tears, now danced in well-trained clusters of curls, and kissed her very throat with joy.

"I am too, too happy!" she exclaimed, viewing herself for the first time from tip to toe in a huge Psyche mirror.

Three months have gone, and Hela is altered. The delicate bloom of her cheek has faded, and her soft eyes are full of gloom and discontent. Pearls, whiter than the foam of the sea, encircle her throat, and her step, though less light, has assumed a lofty air, as she sweeps with her demitrain of bright velvet through the quiet apartments of her lonely palace. The music of her birds has long since been banished from her favourite boudoir. Did they bring back on her heart some early association too painful to be borne?

"Oh, that I were dead!" she suddenly exclaimed one dismal evening, after gazing for a long time earnestly from the window; "Wilhelm has passed again,—but he did not see me,—he cannot recognise poor Hela in her glittering home. My chariot passed him twice but yesterday. Malone was on his arm, and he took no notice of his 'sweet tulip.' Time has indeed swept me from his remembrance, though from his wasted cheek and sunken eye he for a time, O yes, for a month, they tell me that he mourned over my ingratitude. Alas! he never loved like me! I would strike a dagger to the inmost recess of my bosom to save him from a single pang like that, which rends my conscience at this moment."

Tears flowed, as from an unsealed fountain from the melancholy eyes of the wretched captive. Days, and weeks went by, and her form wasted, and her eyes glared with fearful lustre. Sleep was banished from her pillow, and the long, long nights were passed in an agony of remorse, that made rapid and frightful ravages upon her declining strength. Another week went by, and a messenger arrived in hot haste to tell her that Wilhelm was dying, and begged as a last boon that she would fly to his bed-side, and receive his last earthly blessing.

Without an instant's hesitation, without a single recollection of the penalty which had held her captive for so many months, with the phrenzy of a demon madd'ning her brain and gleaming in her eye, she followed

with the rush of a lap-wing the messenger of bad tidings. It was to her own bridal cottage that he led the way. The little footpath was overgrown with moss,—the jessamine vine was gone, and no sweet-breathed violet-bed perfumed the evening air. A dim light coloured with a faint glow the curtained window. Breathless she had nearly reached the door when her attendant flung it wide open, and discovered upon a low couch the emaciated form and features of her beloved Wilhelm. One bound more, and she will clasp him in her embrace. But just as she reaches the threshold, in the very verge of Paradise, with the cup of long-deferred bliss at her fever'd lips, she feels the pressure of a hand clasping her arm.—An impenetrable mist surrounds her,—low, muttering thunder peals dismally upon her ear, and upward with the rapidity of thought, she is borne from human sight, and never again was Hela's laugh heard, nor Hela's bright tears seen on earth.

LIEUT. WILKES OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—It is a source of much gratification to the friends of this young and accomplished officer, to learn that he and those scientific gentlemen attached to his squadron have been actively and successfully engaged in fulfilling the objects contemplated in their mission and especially in making accurate surveys of several groupes of small Islands heretofore scarcely known, lying west of Callao. These islands though limited in extent are numerous, and are found to be inhabited by a race of men similar to those of most of the Pacific Islands. They are represented to be pacific in their character, and exhibiting towards the new comers great friendliness; indeed, it could hardly have been expected that the unwonted sight of so formidable an armament as the exploring fleet, would incline "the poor Indian" to indulge a very warlike disposition. To three of the islands have been given the names of Vincennes, Peacock, and King. The latter is called after the far-seeing sailor who first saw them from mast head,—the two former after the sloops of war belonging to the Expedition.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER and BURTON'S MAGAZINE have both reached us this week. They look fresh and most readable. These periodicals are always welcome, but in the present scarcity of the European Monthlies we hail their arrival with unwonted pleasure. We have but glanced through them, yet with sufficient scrutiny to discover that much mental labour has been bestowed on their well filled pages and that they continue to sustain their hard earned honours.

SAM SLICK'S LETTER BAG OF THE GREAT WESTERN OR LIFE IN A STEAMER.—We have no space in our paper to day to notice this *jeu d'esprit* of the humorous Nova Scotia Judge; but we have done the book better justice perhaps, by giving three characteristic specimens of the Letters, thus affording our readers an opportunity of deciding on its merits for themselves.

The Apollo Gallery has just been opened to the public. We shall notice it suitably next week.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT—By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.—We presented in our last number two selections from Prof. Longfellow's earlier poems. So rich are the treasures contained in the little volume before us, that we feel tempted to extend our piratical depredations still farther; and this temptation would, we fear, be irresistible, had we not some qualms of conscience at the thought of robbing a craft which bears so proudly our own national flag. We would say a few words of this little volume, hoping to induce our readers to enjoy, as we have done, its choice fancies. That these poems will immediately obtain the extensive popularity, which occasionally falls to works possessing more tinsel than pure gold, we cannot expect. Not calculated to satisfy the desire for the extravagant so common to superficial readers, distinguished rather for purity of taste than brilliancy, for truth rather than novelty; the product of careful study and labour, as well as of a highly poetic imagination, they promise to occupy an elevated place in the library of American classics, and to increase the number of their readers in the same proportion, as good taste and cultivated intellects increase among us. Our knowledge of Spanish is too limited to allow us to speak *ex cathedra* upon the point, but we have indulged a suspicion that the translation from Don Manrique, may like the Wallenstein of Coleridge owe something of its beauty at least, to the hand of the translator. We will not praise the "Psalms of Life," for they have haunted us like sweet music since we first read them, and have filled our mind when it should have been otherwise occupied; neither will we find fault with them, for we would not point out the spots or flaws upon a brilliant. We will merely recommend these poems to the public, with the hope that they may be but the first fruits of a more bountiful harvest.

Mrs Randolph is playing at Albany.

## The Theatre.

### THE PARK.

It is always a source of pleasure to feel, when we take up our pen to notice this Theatre, that we can conscientiously commend the performances and record the success of the establishment. It is therefore with reluctance that we approach the subject of the Drama this week, for the amount of attractions offered at the Park, has not been sufficient to deserve that commendation we would so gladly bestow, and far less sufficient to ensure an audience equal to a moiety of the expenses. We are among the most steady admirers of the versatile talents of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, we are always delighted with her acting, and enjoy to the utmost her wonderful exhibition off buoyant spirits and merry humours, but it is quite unreasonable to expect that theatre-goers should be satisfied that the whole weight of attraction should consist in the exertions of this lady alone.

During the week Mrs. F. has appeared in most of her favorite characters, and though without the encouragement of great applause, and that powerful stimulant which a full house affords to the practised actor, still she seemed never to have exercised her talents with more untiring energy, nor displayed in every part more fascinating portraiture of eccentric life than have distinguished these fruitless efforts. On Tuesday she played Rosalind in that sweet play of "As You Like It," and though she sustained the part as but one other probably could have done, still the remembrance of Miss Tree's unapproached perfection in the part was too fresh in the minds of all, to prevent the unfortunate comparison so readily suggested to the audience.

On Wednesday there was an immense house, it being "ticket night," so called,—and seldom have we seen a more delighted auditory. Last evening the entertainments were for the benefit of Mrs. F., when her persevering industry and talents, we hope, were most amply rewarded.

Next week we are to have the opera again.

THE OLYMPIC continues as attractive as ever, the popular farces, which have had such a run, having been succeeded by others equally humorous.

THE BOWERY is making a good thing of Pizarro—the scenery and all the appointments are magnificent.

### THE PHILOSOPHY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

It is our humour, to love a little bit of *chance* philosophy, better, perhaps, than if we found it in a treatise, and we have been somewhat taken by the following small tractate on too much blindness and devotedness in the love of woman, which appears in a new tale by Lady Chatterton. A worthy gentleman with a German name is made to say:—

I have often thought that if a woman's character has one defect, it is that extreme confidence, that blindness with which she devotes herself to the object of her love. How many men would be kept in the paths of duty and affection, if they were perfectly convinced that by departing from virtue they would lose the love of their mistress! Yes, it would be far better for the world if the female character were more decided. Indeed, wilfully blind love is not so amiable a feeling as it is generally supposed, for it often proceeds from indolence of disposition, which will not disturb itself so far as to see things in an unpleasant point of view, or try to exert a proper influence over the beloved object. It is not surprising, however, that men should admire women more who can so love; and this is perhaps the reason that so many are found with that weakness of character; it must be delightful to a man who intends to sin to possess the affections of a being who will worship him in spite of it all; but I should never subject myself to the danger of that temptation, nor could I love a woman who had not the sense to despise me if I deserved to be so.

We think this worth consideration; but our objection to it is that it contemplates a sort of ultra-wisdom, a wisdom beyond nature, which, however fine it may look at the first sight, turns out in the end, generally, to be mere foolishness. Love and affection—happily, we think, for the human race—rest upon foundations which are independent of reason and calculation, though these are excellent buttresses and supports, and when they are wholly cast aside there is reason to fear that the fabric will tumble down.

A very different opinion from this, however, has been expressed by a journalist whose critical judgments are among the shrewdest and honestest that can be met with at the present day. In reference to the passage just quoted from Lady Chatterton's book, he puts forth the following somewhat startling theory and speculation:—

Such is the sacred character of the affections, that they have been regarded by mankind with pity and respect when they have produced fidelity to criminals, or even crime itself. But, whether for ultimate good or evil, this feeling is wearing out; and the direct effects will be favourable to human happiness. "Loyalty" will no longer induce honourable and gallant men to sacrifice themselves and disturb society for some unworthy Monarch who has reaped the reward of his misdoings; family ties



will no longer involve the unsuspecting in ruin because they happen to be connected with the designing, the imprudent, or the extravagant; even love, blind so long, will have to open his eyes and exercise his reason in dispelling what is called fascination. *Whether this result may not destroy some of the charm and generous spirit which a trusting confidence gives to the character of a people is a question.* It may possibly, too, induce a habit of calculation, which shall frequently substitute considerations of profit and loss for those of right and wrong. But we are inclined to agree with the indication in the text, that on the whole the indirect effects will be beneficial; and that the profligate of all descriptions will be compelled to keep within some bounds, when they can hope for no one upon whom to shift a part of their burden.

It is not to be denied that the tendency of society at present seems to be to substitute, in a greater measure than formerly, calculation for affection; but we very much doubt that the effect will be favourable to human happiness, or, what amounts to the same thing, to human virtue. For the tendency is not, as we conceive, to substitute wisdom or reasonableness for passion and self-indulgence, but to put crafty and deliberate considerations of self in the room of those feelings which had in them, at least, some reference to better things—to respect, regard, or affection for others. The passage in our quotation which admits, at least, the possibility that the anticipated change may destroy some of the charm and generous spirit which a trusting confidence gives is, in our view, the most natural and the wisest of the whole. But the subject is one of deep interest, and more fit, perhaps, to think about than to "talk" about. We leave it, therefore, to the meditations of our listeners.

## Plunderings by the Way.

COMPARATIVE EFFICIENCY OF THE ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND FRENCH NAVIES.—The following communication, containing the opinion of a very clever French naval officer, on the comparative efficiency of the English, American and French navies, will at this moment be read with much interest; the bombast in the latter part of the article must be attributed to the natural vanity of a Frenchman, and be smiled at and valued accordingly:—

"I beg my colleagues will not be angry with me, if for the sake of my country I draw aside the veil with which they wish to hide certain truths; and to ask them if in soul and conscience, they believe that an equal number of our ships, taken at hazard from our anchorages, would be able to contend victoriously against as many English and Americans! This question was put to me during our late disputes with the latter power, in a low voice by an officer of very great observation. My reply was, 'I think as you, but it is too late to speak of it.'"

"And my young comrades will be wrong if they think I exaggerate the evil. I know well enough that we have three or four large vessels, perfectly equipped, and most admirably manœuvred; I know also there are a certain number tolerable; but how often do we witness as bad navigation as is usual in merchant ships! However, to console the vanity of my colleagues, I will add, that I do not believe it possible, either for the English, notwithstanding their insuperable pride, or for the Americans, in spite of their English solemnity and their French vanity, to endure a meeting with one of our ships of the *élite*, properly brought into action. I had an opportunity to form an estimate of three frigates, singularly brought together:—The Java, 58, for the United States; the Madagascar, 50, Captain Lyons, for England; and the Fleur de Lys, 44, Captain Lalande, for France. If an action had taken place between these, I would have made an even bet on the Fleur de Lys, notwithstanding her inferiority; and two to one in her favour, should the combat have been decided by boarding, that the French crew would have eaten up the two others"—(pp. 330).

The last two lines are awful; and if brother Jonathan were to read them, I should think he would say:—"Brother Bull, these Mounseers, for such polite people, have a most tarnation appetite! and they ought to have a considerably good digestion too, if they mean to eat us both up." However, joking apart, a letter from one of our most able officers, has described one French line-of-battle ship, the *Hereule*, I think, to be as completely efficient, in all respects, as any ship of war that ever floated.—*English Paper.*

THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX.—Extract of a letter from Rome, of the 3d inst.:—since the arrival of the Duke of Bordeaux every effort has been made by his small escort to attract observation, and there has been an anxious canvassing for recruits to swell his society, but with small success; two or three Russians and Prussians, and a few more English, personal friends of the Duchess de Gontaut, are all the additions that can be made. The Roman nobility and principal foreign travellers stand aloof, deterred by the irksomeness of a rigorous etiquette; while for other reasons, the *corps diplomatique*, with the exception of the Minister of Naples, and the Papal authorities, Cardinals, and Prelates, resist all overtures from the Palais Conti. Had the Prince preserved the *incognito* under which he came, he might have passed a pleasanter time, and seen more varied company; but the object of the little party is not his Royal Highness's gratification, but to make a stir, to be talked about, and to give themselves the airs of importance to which in truth they have no pretence. Nothing would suit their purpose better than some interference of the French Ambassador, or some persecution by the papal Government, in both which, it is to be hoped, they will be disappointed. The young Prince is fair, with pleasing manners, with tact and sense in his conversation.—He resembles Louis XVIII., with the light colouring of the Naples branch of his family. Every Sunday he holds a circle, and one by invitation during the week, which are attended by all the Carlist, French, and occasionally of the English families here, Shrewsburies, Walpoles, De Man-

leys, Beverleys, Percys, Ellisons, &c., without distinction of party. He has accepted a musical party at Madame Javouska's, a Polish lady, and a *soiree dansante* from Madame Egloffstein, a Prussian, at whose houses the smaller fry of diplomates did not object to meet him, nor would probably any but those of the French mission, were it not for the foolish and misplaced etiquette insisted on by the little knot of Carlist attendants and courtiers."

COUNT DE CROUY CHANEL.—This is the name of the individual who was recently arrested in Paris, for his supposed participation in the real or factitious conspiracy in favour of the Bonaparte dynasty. The following are the particulars of his escape:

"He was taken to the Cabinet of M. Zangiacomi, the examining magistrate. The gendarme who accompanied him had been recently admitted into the gendarmerie. It was by mere chance that this man was chosen. When they arrived at the cabinet of the examining magistrate, the gendarme took his seat, according to the usual order given in such cases, at the door inside. It was eight o'clock before M. Zangiacomi had finished his interrogatory, and the gendarme was desired to take back his prisoner to the Conciergerie. When M. de Crouy Chanel and his guide had arrived near the door of the Chambre which communicates with the staircase leading to the prison, M. de Crouy Chanel began to converse with his guide on the hardship of seeing his liberty, and perhaps his life, compromised in a cause which he described as that of all old soldiers, and, seeing the gendarme affected, told him that he had eaten nothing the whole day, and asked if he would have the barbarity to take him back to his cell without allowing him to take a basin of soup, observing, when he saw the gendarme hesitate, that nothing would be more easy, as they were alone, and the Palais de Justice quite deserted at that hour, than to descend by the Cour de Harlay, and enter one of the little restaurants of the neighbourhood, after which they would return to the Conciergerie. The gendarme having yielded, they left the Palace; shortly afterwards M. de Crouy Chanel met on the quay a female, with whom he conversed, and they disappeared together. Whilst this was going on the Magistrate had quitted his cabinet, and when the employees at the Conciergerie, surprised at not seeing M. De Crouy Chanel return, went to the cabinet to ascertain if the examination was over, they found that it was shut up. During the night every effort was made to trace the fugitives, but only the gendarme was discovered. He pretended to have been overcome suddenly with drunkenness; after a few moments' sleep the danger of his own position, he said, appeared to him, and he had been afraid to return to his quarters.

It only remains to give a biographical sketch of this personage, whose name is wound up with an intrigue which is destined to engross a still greater share of the attention of the public than it has done, up to the present. The Marquis De Crouy Chanel is the son of a peasant of the department of the Isere. He was brought up at Grenoble, from whence he repaired to Paris in 1801. Buonaparte having taken it into his head, some time after, to create a number of offices about his person for such of the representatives of the old Noblesse as should acknowledge his rule, De Crouy Chanel contrived to forge a genealogy connecting his family to that of the Humberts, formerly Dauphins of Vienna, and through it got himself promoted to the rank of Chamberlain. After the fall of the Emperor, De Crouy Chanel became a staunch Royalist, and as such took part in the crusade of 1823 against the Spanish Cortes. A loan was contracted by the Government of Ferdinand a short time after, through his instrumentality for which he received 400,000 francs as a recompense.—This sum did not last him long. In 1825 he was almost in a state of destitution, when by some chance or other he became acquainted with the family of a wealthy Russian Nobleman, whose daughter he married shortly after.

Letters from the camp at Cabul, received at Madras, announce the murder of Colonel Herring, of the 37th Regiment of Native Infantry. It appears that his detachment, consisting of his corps and a troop of native horse artillery, left Candahar some time ago in charge of five lacs of treasure for the army at Cabul, and they met with no opposition whatever as far as Ghuznee. At Hyder Kheel, three marches from that city, and forty miles from Cabul, the detachment halted, and Colonel Herring, with Captain Rhind, went out for a walk, accompanied by one orderly havildar and two orderly sepoy. They had not advanced much more than a mile from the camp, which was still in sight, when some nineteen or twenty natives suddenly fell upon them. The Colonel was seen defending himself with a stick by two sepoys, who immediately ran out of the lines and gallantly shot two of the fellows as they were escaping. When they came up they found the Colonel and the orderly havildar dead, the former with nineteen cuts on his head, and Captain Rhind senseless. The two orderly sepoys had the good fortune to escape. Colonel Herring's body was brought into Cabul and buried; his truly melancholy fate, rendered more so by his having been selected by our Envoy and Minister to command Shah Soojah's contingent in the room of General Simpson, who resigned, has called forth great expressions of horror and sincere sympathy, for he was universally esteemed.

## PECULIARITIES OF EAST INDIA WARFARE.

The following letter, written by an officer on service in the camp near Kurnool, Lieutenant John Ochterlony, of the Madras Engineers, gives an interesting detail of the events connected with and subsequent to the capture of that fort:—

CAMP NEAR KURNOOL, Oct. 20.

"I certainly did not expect, when I closed my journal with intelligence of the evacuating of Kurnool, to have to add another line or two, written in bed—a wounded man, with my left arm in a splint, and my body otherwise maltreated. I could not let my packet go away without telling you of the very dashing and *consoling* action with which this campaign has for the present terminated. I told you that the Nawaub had taken up his

abode among some tents in an enclosed burial-ground, about two miles from the town, and that the Rohilla soldiers, whom he had had with him in the fort, detained him there, and refused to let him come over to us, which he professed himself willing to do. Until the immense discoveries were made of military stores and preparations which I have described, our envoys seemed to manifest much indifference upon the subject: but after all this had come to light, they began to alter their tone, and being unwilling to sacrifice the men who were with him—in number between 500 and 600—they sent a man to tell them that if they would give up the Nawaub quietly, they would pay up all their arrears, and allow them to depart in peace to their own country with their arms. This they refused, and accordingly the day before yesterday, the 18th of October, a force, consisting of detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, with four guns, marched down at daybreak, and took up a position within musket shot of the walls which enclosed the burial-ground where the Rohillas had taken up their abode. The camp of the sappers and miners happened to be at some distance from that of the other troops; and as none of our men were wanted for the service, no intelligence of the intended attack was conveyed to us, till about half an hour before the action began, when a man came in to tell us that he had seen the guns unlimbered, and all ready for action, in a field near the village of Jolapoor. Many of us were in bed, and we dressed and rode off in such haste, that we did not allow ourselves time to take our pistols, but just belted on our swords, and galloped off.

When we arrived on the ground we found everything ready; the guns were posted in a field, so as to be able to plunge right into the enemy's line: the matches were lighted, the men at their posts, the guns all double-shotted, and only waited the bugle to sound to let fly. In a road leading up to one of the walls of the enemy's enclosure were drawn up a detachment of the 39th (Queen's regiment), and behind them some companies of a native regiment; parties of the 13th dragoons were posted all around in such a manner as to be ready to charge the enemy, if they sallied out from the enclosure, and a strong detachment of our native cavalry were put to the bank of the River Toombuddia, which ran at 200 yards distance from the buddia to cut off their retreat. The Brigadier (Dyce), who commanded the force that day was, when we arrived, engaged in treating with the Rohillas for their surrender, and from half-past six to half-past nine he gave them to consider the terms which he offered. At last we saw the native interpreter, whom he employed, come scuffling out from the enclosure at a great rate, waving his hands to us, as if for us to take care of ourselves, while immediately after him came rushing out a body of fine looking, but ferocious, bearded fellows, who spread themselves across the road parallel to the 39th, and handling their muskets and matchlocks shouted defiance to us. The word was then given to the buglers to sound the note "to commence firing," and in a few seconds the cannon shot came bounding across our front, bringing down large branches of trees and pieces of the walls, while the whole line forming up opened a heavy musketry fire upon the Rohillas. Well, however, and gallantly, did they behave. Large parties issued from the enclosure, and throwing themselves into the fields on our flanks, where the corn was so high and thick as completely to screen a man, they threw in upon us a fire nearly as heavy and well directed as our own. I was in the road with the 39th when it began, and I do not suppose I shall ever be in a more heavy one than it was for ten minutes or so. Several men fell, and a ball passed through the lining of my cap, which trophy, I of course, preserve, and will send it home to you some day or other. As it soon became necessary to drive the enemy out of the fields, from which their balls raked our position, I was sent round with a detachment to the bank of the river, to charge them from their rear, and clear them out of their cover. There I found a body of the 13th dragoons stationed; and as I found some sepoys, who were nearest the enemy, firing away at random, some up into the air, some anywhere but at the enemy, and all anything but willing to charge them with the bayonet, I took upon myself to order up the dragoons, and away we went into the chollam (a species of corn,) fields.

As I am writing this in a very constrained position, on a book which my orderly is holding up for me, I cannot tell you now all the wonderful works we did; suffice it, that the Rohillas fought most desperately, but were overpowered in every case; and that I received in a skirmish with a party of them, some cuts from sabres, of which, however, the one in my arm, over the elbow joint, is the only one likely to give me any trouble. My arm, however, is quite safe, thank God, as the wound has taken a healthy turn, but the sword of my friend went so near the great artery, that the doctor tells me it would have cost me my life if the sword had been an inch longer. One blow cut my belt in two, and saved me from a severe wound; my sword scabbard was also smashed, and my horse received a cut on the hip; he was not, however, much hurt, and as the excitement was too great just then to allow me to feel the pain of my wounds much, I got a soldier to bind my arm up, and went on with the dragoons. The enemy were now in full flight towards the river, and as many were escaping across it the cavalry plunged into the river to intercept them. This was the most dangerous part of the day to us; for the current was so rapid and the bed so rocky that while the horses about six feet ahead of you were walking on rock, the water only reaching to their girths, yours would be swimming for the dear life against a current which roared through and over the masses of rock with a very unpleasant fury. A great many troopers were hurled, horse and all, over and over in the stream; but all, luckily, escaped, except one fine old soldier of the dragoons, who was swept away out of sight. The ammunition and pistols, too, all got wet, and many were of course useless. However, a good many prisoners and arms were taken, as also some horses, and a great many were killed. I felt very faint and giddy from loss of blood at first, but the first plunge which my horse took, up to his ears, restored me, and as I managed to get "a drink" *en passant*, I got strength enough to carry on; however, I confess when he had crossed back again to the other side of the river (it was fully 600 yards broad), and I felt myself once more on *terra firma*, I was very thankful; for, bound up and cut through as my left arm was, and encumbered as I was with my sword and reins, I must have been drowned had my horse once rolled over. We lost two officers killed, and two wounded, all by sabre cuts or stabs, and of the

men I think about 40 or 60 have been killed and wounded. We had all the bodies brought back to camp, as the field was not more than three miles distant, and they were buried next morning on the glacis of the fort.

One of the officers, who was mortally wounded, and died in the evening, was a fine young man—or boy, I should say, named Yates, who had a few days before only been promoted to his lieutenantancy. He had received two stabs, one in the back and the other in the abdomen, but he died without much pain. Another older officer, Colonel Wright, was stabbed in the back by a wretch of a fellow whose life had been spared by the men; but fortunately the sword blade took an oblique direction, and so missed a vital part. The Colonel still lives and is likely to recover, and his assassin had four bayonets through him before he could use his sword again.

About 200 of the Rohillas altogether were killed, and almost all of them behaved so well—at least courageously—that every body commiserated their fate, but slaughter was the order of the day, as none of them would yield to any superiority of numbers. I tried to save the life of one very fine man, who was almost surrounded by our fellows, but the moment he got one arm free he clutched a pistol, and he was obliged to be cut down. A great many swords have been taken, and their edges are found so beautifully sharpened that there is no room for wonder at the slicing which they managed to inflict on me. I shall keep my uniform coat as a curiosity, for it is cut almost to pieces,—though I should not like to send it to you, as you would think that the body which had been enshrouded in it must have been regularly minced.

I believe all fighting is now over, and the campaign ended, as the Nawaub's troops are now completely dispersed; and as there are parties of cavalry out after such as escaped from the field, I dare say there will be few left alive in the course of a day or two. The force is now busy in disposing of the prisoners, (about two hundred,) and collecting such booty as they can find, in hopes of prize-money. A good deal of treasure has been found in the fort, but as we did not take it by a regular siege, I suppose our generous masters will not allow it to be considered as prize property. The Nawaub is now in confinement near us, and will, it is expected, be imprisoned for the rest of his life in some fortress in the British dominions."

## HOOD'S SKETCHES OF INCIDENT.

"UP THE RHINE."

Martha Penny's experience of "things wanted," the last clause of which is worth a thousand Trollopisms against tobacco:—

"Talkin of dinners, (says she—her servant's heart opening at the thoughts of pantry and kitchen furniture)—pleas God if I ever settle in Germany, there's three things I'll have out from England, a warmin pan, a plate-warmer, and a knife-board; for the knives here are never sharp, and as we say of dill-water, are so innocent, you may give them to a new-born babby without the least danger. But lawk, if you was to send them out things, they don't know the right use of them, and most likely they would fry pancakes in the warmin pan, and make a pantry of the plate-warmer, just as they fetch water for drinkin in a tin pail, as is painted red on the inside, and green on the out. Nothing's used in its proper way. When we cum to the lodgings, I found in the drawing-room, a square painted tin basket, exactly like an English bread-basket, and ever since I've put the rolls in it, but wen Catshins come, she said it's to hold sand, and to be spit into—wat a forrin idear!"

Uncle Orchard, while on his travels, had been visited with one emphatic "warning" against hypochondriacism; a rumour of his death having been believed and acted on in England; another equally emphatic, and more serious, was illness itself, which "fell out" at Coblenz, and gave Frank Somerville an opportunity of studying some of the new-fangled systems of German medical practice.

"One of these empirical professors, it was our fortune to call in to my Uncle, in the person of Doctor Ganswein, who after a very cursory inquiry into his patient's malady, pronounced at once that it was a case for Wasser-Kur. How this cure was to be effected you will best understand from a conversation which took place between the Physician and my Aunt. I must premise that my Aunt began the colloquy in French, as it was taught in Chaucer's time at Stratford on Le Bowe; but after having puzzled the Doctor with sundry phrases, such as 'son habit est si plein,' meaning, 'he is of such a full habit,' she betook herself to her mother-tongue.

"Aunt—And as to his eating, Doctor?

"Doctor—Nichts; noting at all.

"Aunt—And what ought he to drink?

"Doctor—Kalt Wasser.

"Aunt—Would it be well to bathe his feet?

"Doctor—Ja—mit Kalt Wasser.

"Aunt—And if he feels a little low?

"Doctor—Low?—vat is dat?

"Aunt—Out of spirits;—a little faint like.

"Doctor—Faint—ah!—So you shall sprinkle at him wiz some Kalt Wasser.

"Aunt—And nothing else?

"Doctor—Ja—I shall write something (*he writes*). Dere! you shall send dis papier to de Apotheke in de Leer Strasse, almost to de Rondel. Your broder shall drink some flasks of Kissingen.

"Aunt—Kissingen—what's that? Is it any sort of wine?

"Doctor—Wein! nein! It is some sort of Kalt Wasser.

"Aunt—Oh, from the Baths!

"Doctor—Ja! ja!—it shall be goot to bath too—in Kalt Wasser (*to my uncle*). Sare, have you read my leetle boke?

"Uncle—(in pain). What's it—about—Doctor?

"Doctor—De Heilsamkeit of de Kaltes Wassers. I have prove de Kalt Wasser is good for every sickness in de world.

"Uncle—Humph! What for—water in the head?



"Doctor—Ja—and for wasser in de shest. And for wasser in de—what you call him? de abdomen. It is good for every ting. De Kalt Wasser shall sweep away all de Kraken, all de sick peoples from de face of de earth!

Uncle—(to himself). Yes—so did—the Great Flood.

"Doctor Ganswein had no sooner taken his leave, than my Uncle called me to the bed-side.

"Frank,—I've heard before—of wet-nurses—but never of—a wet Doctor."

A second son of Galen recommended mud-baths,—which are of a greater or less efficacy according to the power of the patient to purchase the mud A 1, (as they say at Floyd's,) or of inferior quality. In answer to the Doctor's inquiries, Mrs. Wilmot—little understanding to what point they tended—told him that Mr. Orchard was rich.

"Now hark to me"—and he approached his mouth to her ear—"whilst he is so bad in his bed, you shall rob him."

"WHAT!" exclaimed my aunt, in such a voice that the ringing monosyllable seemed to echo from every side and corner of the apartment.

"You—shall—rob him"—repeated the Doctor, still more distinctly and deliberately—"you shall rob his chest."

"My Aunt looked petrified.

"Do not you not understand me?" asked the dreadful Doctor, after a pause.

"I am afraid I do," said my Aunt, giving a sort of gulp, as if to swallow some violent speech, and then hurried into the adjoining room and locked herself in."

When the Doctor had retired, and not till then, Mrs. Wilmot reappeared, and—

"After an anxious look round the chamber, to make sure of the absence of the detestable Doctor, she cast herself down on the sofa with a fervent 'Thank God!—Frank!—What a monster!—Wolf by name and wolf by nature; did you hear what the wretch proposed to me?'—and she launched off into a tale so ludicrously distorted and coloured by her own extravagant suspicions, that I could hardly preserve my gravity. \* \* She was stopped by the entrance of Martha with a bottle of medicine, which her mistress had no sooner inspected than the expression of her countenance changed from indignation and disgust to vexation and mortification.

"It's really very provoking!" she exclaimed—"So very absurd!—How uncommonly annoying! But it's all his own fault for not speaking better English,"—and handing to me the explanatory phial, I read as follows:

Esquier Orchardt,  
For to rob him with on the chest."

Like a true Englishman, Frank now began to seek out for a newspaper:—

"Newspapers!" said Markham, 'you will find none but the 'Rhein-und-Mosel Zeitung,' and I can give you a tolerable idea of the contents beforehand: First, the king has been graciously pleased to confer on Mr. Bridge-toll-taker Bommel, and a dozen other officials the 'Adler' order of the fourth class. Messrs. Kessel and Co. have erected a steam engine of two horse power; and the firm of Runkel and Ruben have established a manufactory of beet-root sugar. Then for foreign news, there are half a dozen paragraphs on as many different countries—our own amongst the rest, probably headed 'Distress in Rich England,' and giving an account of a pauper who died in the streets of London. As to local intelligence, the Over Burgomaster has ordered the substitution of a new post for an old one, in the Clemens Platz, and a fresh handle to the pump near the Haupt Wache. A sentimental poem, a romantic tale, and the advertisements, fill up the dingy sheet.' In fact, on entering the saloon of the hotel such a meagre-looking fog-coloured journal, as he had described, was lying on the dining-table. Markham took it up, and glanced over it. \* \* There is no sentimental poem in this number (he observed); but there is a romantic story, and it will illustrate the exaggerated notions of English wealth, which, to the natives, serve to justify a dead set at their pockets. What do you think of this? A lady residing in Euston-square, New-road, loses her only child, a little girl. The afflicted mother advertises her in the papers and offers as a reward—how much do you think?—Only £50,000 per annum, a mine a 'Corn-wales,' and £200,000 in East India shares!"

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"Perfectly: it is here every word of it."

## EXTRACTS FROM SHELLEY'S LETTERS

### FROM ITALY.

The following is a brief notice of the famous Cathedral of Milan:—

"This cathedral is a most astonishing work of art. It is built of white marble, and cut into pinnacles of immense height, and the utmost delicacy of workmanship, and loaded with sculpture. The effect of it, piercing the solid blue with those groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the serene depth of this Italian heaven, or by moonlight when the stars seem gathered among those clustered shapes, is beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing. The interior, though very sublime, is of a more earthly character, and with its stained glass and massy granite columns overloaded with antique figures, and the silver lamps, that burn for ever under the canopy of black cloth beside the brazen altar and the marble fretwork of the dome, give it the aspect of some gorgeous sepulchre. There is one solitary spot among those aisles, behind the altar, where the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window, which I have chosen to visit, and read Dante there."

At Ferrara he is occupied with the relics of Tasso:—

"There is here a manuscript of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems, written in prison,

to the Duke Alfonso: and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand; and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme*, though it had evidently been copied and recopied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The hand-writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object; and as we do not agree in physiognomy, so we may not agree now. But my business is to relate my own sensations, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS. of Tasso were sonnets to his persecutor, which contains a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises now, I wonder what he would say. But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in these entreaties and praises of Tasso. It is as a bigot prays to and praises his god, whom he knows to be the most remorseless, capricious, and inflexible of tyrants, but whom he knows also to be omnipotent. Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day; for, from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor. But then there was no hope. There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and—such is the alliance between virtue and genius—which unoffending genius could not escape. We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door, which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands. The dungeon is low and dark, and, when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the doge's palace of Venice. But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies. It is low, and has a grated window, and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damp. In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall where the chains were rivetted, which bound him hand and foot. After some time, at the instance of some Cardinal, his friend, the Duke allowed his victim a fire-place; the mark where it was walled up yet remains."

At Bologna, he hangs over Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia:—

"We saw besides one picture of Raphael—St. Cecilia: this is in another and higher style; you forget that it is a picture as you look at it; and yet it is most unlike any of those things which we call reality. It is of the inspired and ideal kind, and seems to have been conceived and executed in a similar state of feeling to that which produced among the ancients those perfect specimens of poetry and sculpture which are the baffling models of succeeding generations. There is a unity and a perfection in it of an incommunicable kind. The central figure, St. Cecilia, seems rapt in such inspiration as produced her image in the painter's mind; her deep, dark, eloquent eyes lifted up; her chestnut hair flung back from her forehead—she holds an organ in her hands—her countenance, as it were, calmed by the depth of its passion and rapture, and penetrated throughout with the warm and radiant light of life. She is listening to the music of heaven, and, as I imagine, has just ceased to sing, for the four figures that surround her evidently point, by their attitudes, towards her; particularly St. John, who, with a tender yet impassioned gesture, bends his countenance towards her, languid with the depth of his emotion. At her feet lie various instruments of music, broken and unstrung. Of the colouring I do not speak: it eclipses nature, yet it has all her truth and softness."

At Rome, he is in sympathy with everything. The cataract of the Velino has once already been described in words, which might be well supposed to render all others on the subject tame and prosaic. Yet the following may be read, without letting down the imagination which the verse of Byron has lifted into sublime companionship with the elements:—

"From Spoleto we went to Terni, and saw the cataract of the Velino. The glaciers of Montanvert and the source of the Arveiron is the grandest spectacle I ever saw. This is the second. Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with a vast volume of waters, the outlet of a great lake among the higher mountains, falling 300 feet into a sightless gulf of snow-white vapour, which bursts up forever and forever from a circle of black crags, and thence leaping downwards, make five or six other cataracts, each fifty or a hundred feet high, which exhibit, on a smaller scale, and with beautiful and sublime variety, the same appearances. But words, (and far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of cliff, which is directly opposite. You see the ever-moving water stream down. It comes in thick and tawny folds, flaking off like solid snow gliding down a mountain. It does not seem hollow within, but without it is unequal, like the folding of linen thrown carelessly down; your eye follows it, and it is lost below; not in the black rocks which gird it around, but in its own foam and spray, in the cloud-like vapours boiling up from below, which is not like rain, nor mist, nor spray, nor foam, but water, in a shape wholly unlike anything I ever saw before. It is as white as snow, but thick and impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up from the abyss wonderful to hear; for though it ever sounds, it is never the same, but modulated by the changing motion, rises and falls intermittingly; we passed half an hour in one spot looking at it, and thought but a few minutes had gone by. The surrounding scenery is, in its kind, the loveliest and most sublime that can be conceived. In our first walk we passed through some olive groves, of large and ancient trees, whose hoary and twisted trunks leaned in all directions. We then crossed a path of orange trees by the river side, la

den with their golden fruit, and came to a forest of ilex of a large size, whose evergreen and acorn bearing boughs were intertwined over our winding path. Around, hemming in the narrow vale, were pinnacles of lofty mountains of pyramidal rock clothed with all evergreen plants and trees; the vast pine whose feathery foliage trembled in the blue air—the ilex, that ancestral inhabitant of these mountains—the arbutus, with its crimson-coloured fruit and glittering leaves. After an hour's walk, we came beneath the cataract of Terni, within the distance of half a mile: nearer you cannot approach, for the Nar, which has here its confluence with the Velino, bars the passage. We then crossed the river formed by this confluence over a narrow natural bridge of rock, and saw the cataract from the platform I first mentioned. We think of spending some time next year near this waterfall. The inn is very bad, or we should have stayed there longer."

The Coliseum and the forum are described in language which bring their solemn and touching moral to the heart:

"We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day. The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stones, are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed, by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries; the copsewood overshadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains—it is exquisitely light and beautiful; and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such, as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble, and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it, day after day. Near it is the arch of Constantine, or rather the arch of Trajan; for the servile and avicious senate of degraded Rome ordered that this monument of his predecessor should be demolished, in order to dedicate one to the Christian reptile, who had crept among the blood of his murdered family to the supreme power. It is exquisitely beautiful and perfect. The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert, full of heaps of stones and pits, and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments, once filled with sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun and the Moon, and Vesta, are all within a short distance of this spot.

"Behold the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians. The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion."

Of the modern city, he thus speaks—his estimate of St. Peter's at all events differs from that of travellers in general:—

"What shall I say of the modern city? Rome is yet the capital of the world. It is a city of palaces and temples, more glorious than those which any other city contains, and of ruins more glorious than they. Seen from any of the eminences that surround it, it exhibits domes beyond domes, and palaces, and colonnades interminably, even to the horizon; interspersed with patches of desert, and mighty ruins which stand girt by their own desolation, in the midst of the fanes of living religions and the habitations of living men, in sublime loneliness. St. Peter's is, as you have heard, the loftiest building in Europe. Externally it is inferior in architectural beauty to St. Paul's, though not wholly devoid of it; internally it exhibits littleness on a large scale, and is in every respect opposed to antique taste. You know my propensity to admire; and I tried to persuade myself out of this opinion—in vain; the more I see of the interior of St. Peter's, the less impression as a whole does it produce on me. I cannot even think it lofty, though its dome is considerably higher than any hill within fifty miles of London; and when one reflects, it is an astonishing monument of the daring energy of man. Its colonnade is wonderfully fine, and there are two fountains, which rise in spire-like columns of water to an immense height in the sky, and falling on the porphyry vases from which they spring, fill the whole air with a radiant mist, which at noon is thronged with innumerable rainbows. In the midst stands an obelisk. In front is the palace-like facade of St. Peter's,

certainly magnificent; and there is produced, on the whole, an architectural combination unequalled in the world. But the dome of the temple is concealed, except at a very great distance, by the facade and the inferior part of the building, and that diabolical contrivance they call an attic.

"The effect of the Pantheon is totally the reverse of that of St. Peter's. Though not a fourth part of the size, it is, as it were, the visible image of the universe; in the perfection of its proportions, as when you regard the unmeasured dome of heaven, the idea of magnitude is swallowed up and lost. It is open to the sky, and its wide dome is lighted by the everchanging illumination of the air. The clouds of noon fly over it, and at night the keen stars are seen through the azure darkness, hanging immovably, or driving after the driving moon among the clouds. We visited it by moonlight; it is supported by sixteen columns, fluted and Corinthian, of a certain rare and beautiful yellow marble, exquisitely polished, called here *giallo antico*. Above these are the niches for the statues of the twelve gods. This is the only defect of this sublime temple; there ought to have been no interval between the commencement of the dome and the cornice, supported by the columns. Thus there would have been no diversion from the magnificent simplicity of its form. This improvement is alone wanting to have completed the unity of the idea."

At Naples, of course, he writes concerning Vesuvius.

"Vesuvius is, after the glaciers, the most impressive exhibition of the energies of nature, I ever saw. It has not the immeasurable greatness, the overpowering magnificence, nor, above all, the radiant beauty of the glaciers; but it has all their character of tremendous and irresistible strength. From Resina to the hermitage you wind up the mountain, and cross a vast stream of hardened lava, which is an actual image of the waves of the sea, changed into hard black stone by enchantment. The lines of the boiling flood seem to hang in the air, and it is difficult to believe that the billows which seem hurrying down upon you are not actually in motion. This plain was once a sea of liquid fire. From the hermitage we crossed another vast stream of lava, and then went on foot up the cone—this is the only part of the ascent in which there is any difficulty, and that difficulty has been much exaggerated. It is composed of rocks of lava, and declivities of ashes; by ascending the former, and descending the latter, there is very little fatigue. On the summit is a kind of irregular plain, the most horrible chaos that can be imagined; riven into ghastly chasms, and heaped up with tumuli of great stones and cinders, and enormous rocks blackened and calcined, which had been thrown from the volcano upon one another in terrible confusion. In the midst stands the conical hill from which volumes of smoke, and the fountains of liquid fire, are rolled forth for ever. The mountain is at present in a slight state of eruption; and a thick, heavy, white smoke is perpetually rolled out, interrupted by enormous columns of an impenetrable black bituminous vapour, which is hurled up, fold after fold, into the sky with a deep hollow sound, and fiery stones are rained down from its darkness, and a black shower of ashes fell even where we sat. The lava, like the glacier, creeps on perpetually, with a crackling sound, as of suppressed fire. There are several springs of lava; and in one place it gushes precipitously over a high crag, rolling down the half-molten rocks and its own overhanging waves: a cataract of quivering fire. We approached the extremity of one of the rivers of lava; it is about twenty feet in breadth, and ten in height; and as the inclined plane was not rapid, its motion was very slow. We saw the masses of its dark exterior surface detach themselves as it moved, and betray the depth of the liquid flame. In the day the fire is but slightly seen; you only observe a tremulous motion in the air, and streams and fountains of white sulphurous smoke.

"At length we saw the sun sink between Caprea and Inarime, and, as the darkness increased, the effect of the fire became more beautiful. We were, as it were, surrounded by streams and cataracts of the red and radiant fire; and in the midst, from the column of bituminous smoke shot up into the air, fell the vast masses of rock, white with the light of their intense heat, leaving behind them through the dark vapour trains of splendour. We descended by torch-light, and I should have enjoyed the scenery on my return, but they conducted me, I know not how, to the hermitage in a state of intense bodily suffering, the worst effect of which was spoiling the pleasure of Mary and C—. Our guides on the occasion were complee savages. You have no idea of the horrible cries, which they suddenly utter, no one knows why, the clamour, the vociferation, the tumult. C—in her palanquin suffered most from it; and when I had gone on before, they threatened to leave her in the middle of the road, which they would have done, had not my Italian servant promised them a beating, after which they became quiet. Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the gestures and the physiognomies of these savage people. And when, in the darkness of night, they unexpectedly begin to sing in chorus some fragments of their wild but sweet national music, the effect is exceedingly fine."

## THE CORSAIR;

A GAZETTE OF LITERATURE, ART, DRAMATIC CRITICISM, FASHION AND NOVELTY.

EDITED BY N. P. WILLIS & T. O. PORTER.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

The Editors do not contemplate establishing permanent agencies, preferring to risk the few casualties of the mail, and they invite their friends to address them directly through this medium. But they will allow a commission of 20 percent, to those agents or canvassers, who transmit, with the name and residence of the subscriber, the amount of one year's subscription, deducting the commission.

A few copies of the back numbers from the commencement may be obtained by a early application at the Publication Office for the same.

Great care is taken to forward the CORSAIR strongly enveloped, and legibly directed, by the earliest mails throughout the Union.

The Publication Office is in the basement of the ASTOR HOUSE, on Barclay Street a few doors from Broadway.

E. L. GARVIN,